

العراقية



النشرة السنوية التي يصدرها طلاب الصف الخامس المنتهي من

كلية بغداد

بغداد - الصليبخ

مطبعة بيجور - بغداد

EL IRAQI



1944

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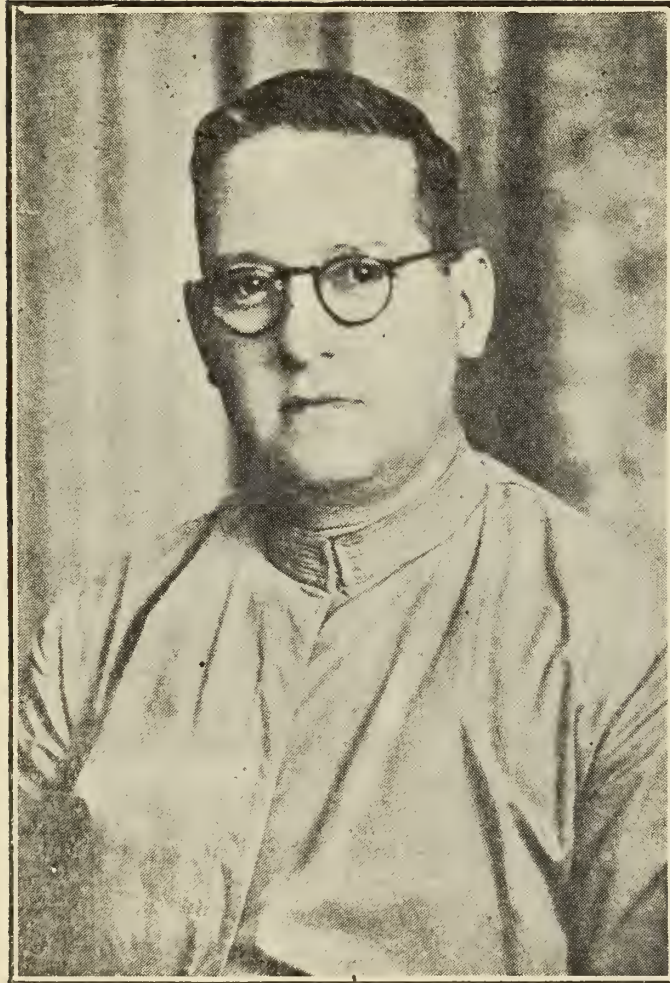
EL IRAQI
BAGHDAD COLLEGE YEARBOOK
1944

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Baghdad College
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Editor-in-Chief : Hikmet Emmanuel
Business Manager : Joseph Rashid

DEDICATION

With admiration and respect, the Class of
1944 dedicates this volume of El Iraqi
to one who, in the faithful fulfillment
of his trust, has won the
esteem and the gratitude
of the students of
Baghdad College.



Reverend Francis B. Sarjeant, S. J.
President



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GRADUATES



Albert Musa Cohen



Alfred Yaqub Paulus



Benjamin Daud Thaddaus

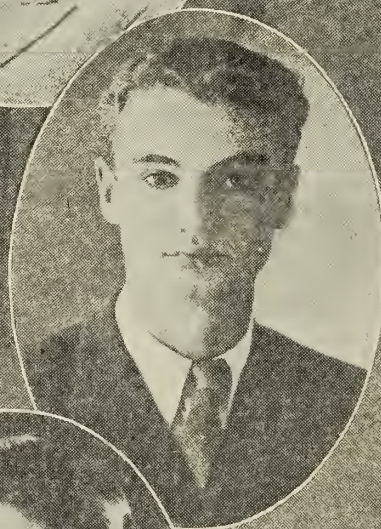


Bernard Skender Isa

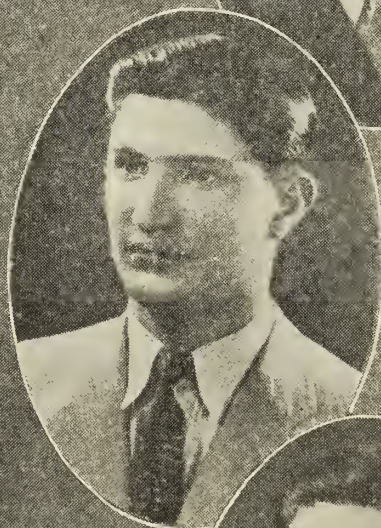
Claude Anthong Le Merle



Donald Albert Martin



Edward Bashir Ayub



Emmanuel Isidore Kurkjian





Farid Yaqub Dano

Gabriel Hagop Vartabedian

George Yusuf Mazy

Hagop Boghos Hagopian

Hikmet Namatollah Emmanuel

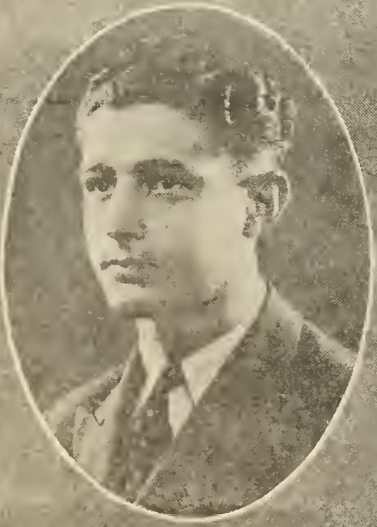


Joseph Rashid Jibrin



Muhsin Hikmet Sulaiman





Petrine Shakir Pahlawan



Pierre Georges Michon



Sabih Razzuq Ghannam

Shaul Ibrahim Basri



Walid Yusuf Izzuddin Ibrahim



William Yusuf Shammas



SENIORS

ALBERT MUSA

Albert is one of the bright lights of the class in Arabic Literature. Although he is inclined to be rather quiet, he has a strong love for music. His great ambition is to join the Medical School in Baghdad.

ALFRED PAULUS

"Ferid" is the Vice-Prefect of the Sodality. His gentle manners and his peaceful calm have endeared him to us all in Fifth High and have won for him the admiration of the entire school. Don't forget that he is a good harmonica player too! Alfred has not yet decided whether Medicine or Engineering will be his chosen profession.

BENJAMIN THADDEUS

Big-hearted and friendly with all, "Ben's" popularity is attested by the fact that he has been President of the class since First High. One of our best mathematicians, he is also Fifth's pianist and has no little talent at drawing. Many a time, too, he has entertained us with his imitations of the speech and mannerisms of well-known characters.

BERNARD SKENDER

Bernard is the gayest fellow in Fifth. We will all miss the tuneful melody of his "sneezes." In spite of, or perhaps because of, his endless arguments with Fr. Gookin, Law is his chosen field.

CLAUDE LE MERLE

A persevering and industrious student and a natural athlete, Claude is the pride of our class and the hero of the entire school. His athletic versatility amazes all who see him perform, and his good-natured disposition makes him a valued friend and companion. We are sure to hear more of him in sports before he becomes an outstanding figure in the world of Chemistry,

DONALD MARTIN

"Donald the Duck" is definitely so called out of affection. He is Fifth's champion handball player, as well as Class Translator number one. He is also the efficient secretary of the Sodality. His old blue cap has often been the bone of his two fighting hounds. The ambition of his life is to get into an honest-to-goodness "dog-fight," not merely a "tip and run" raid!

EDWARD BASHIR

"Doury" is prefect of the Sabaqsur bus. A fellow who is always buried in his books, he has rarely taken part in games. His shining glasses and his well-groomed hair give him the appearance of a business man, but he insists that Medicine is his chosen career.

EMMANUEL KURKJIAN

Here is the quietest and the most subdued boy in Fifth! And yet, "Manu" is a basketball player of no mean ability and he has prevented many a point from being scored against the Green and Maroon. In class his eyes have often scanned the ceiling in search of some forgotten line of poetry.

FARID DANO

A happy-go-lucky fellow, he seems, and yet, how he delves into the intricacies of math! Usually he is the first to hit upon a solution to problem questions, a distinction which has won for him our deep respect. He thoroughly enjoys most of Fr. Gookin's classes, and it is whispered that he craves to be a Chartered Accountant.

GABRIEL VARTABEDIAN

Don't be deceived by that serious look he wears most of the time! In class he has a habit of letting the rest of us in on his thoughts when the hour begins to get dull. He usually keeps the teacher on his guard and the class itself awake.

GEORGE YUSUF

His Yogi contortions and Greek Marathons have given Fr. Gookin a thousand fits. Who is this Charles Atlas, anyway? A pole-vaulter of some fame; George really came into the limelight this year in another field: his breath-taking pace in the School Meet gave him the 800 and 1500 metres with, perhaps, a minute to spare. He helped to bring the Government Cup to B.C., and he also played some flashy basketball on the school team,

HAGOP HAGOPIAN

Although with us only for the last two years, Hagop did not hesitate to step to the fore in physics. One professor, however, has had unending difficulty with his handwriting! In and out of class, you can do him no greater favor than to provide him with a good laugh.

HIKMET EMMANUEL

This is the fellow we all rush to just before an exam., but his sparkling eyes and his good-natured kindness bring us to him much more often than that. Class leader as far back as our memories can take us, and this year the able Prefect of the Sodality, Hikmet is a fellow we are proud to have as our classmate and our friend. It is true that he is small in size.... but do you remember Napoleon?

JOSEPH RASHID

The efficient Treasurer of the Sodality, Joseph has also been zealous and energetic in pursuit of help for the Missions. His cheerful smile and his calm persistence will carry him far in life. The study of Medicine is his great ambition.

MUHSIN HIKMET

Muhsin is, perhaps, the shyest member of our class. His silk handkerchief has often brought him safely through many a critical situation. Though not over-enthusiastic about a student's life, he greatly enjoys the songs of Nelson Eddy. He aims at becoming an Agricultural Engineer.

PETRINE PAHLAWAN

Quiet and reserved on occasion, Petrine enters wholeheartedly into sports, for he is one of our best

athletes. A tower of strength on the school basketball team, he jealously guards our baskets while his teammates run up the scores. He throws occasional bombshells into our classes with his recitation of Arabic poetry, but, strange to say, some are a bit skeptical about the composition of these gems.

PIERRE MICHON

Generous and considerate, Pierre has always proved himself an obliging friend. Beneath his carefree exterior there beats a kind, devoted heart. Handball is his favorite pastime during recreations, but he is also known for his speed on the track, having won the 400 this year in the school meet. He plans to devote his talents to the field of Industrial Chemistry.

SABIH GHANNAM

We have come to know and to value Sabih as a faithful and a steadfast friend. While not too keen on lessons, he is really clever and he can certainly concentrate when examination time looms ahead.

SHAUL BASRI

Without a doubt, in mathematics Shaoul is one of the outstanding figures in the class. He also has many brilliant suggestions along other lines, and from time to time he enlivens our gatherings by generously sharing these thoughts with us. Shaoul is sure to meet with success in the future.

WALID YUSUF

Tall and jovial, Walid is ever ready with a cheerful smile. He is interested in wrestling, and he likes jokes... to a certain extent. On many occasions he has ruffled the calm of Fr. Gookin with his "Philosophy," "Sociology," and "Psychology."

WILLIAM SHAMMAS

William is the poet of the class. Occasionally, whilst communing with the Muse, he suffers a sudden attack of sleeping sickness, although it has been noticed that this generally occurs during a science class! Quiet and unobtrusive in manner, William is truly a genius at improvisation.

Editorial

UNYIELDING HOPE

by

Hikmet Emmanuel

For the past eight years Baghdad College has sent forth into the world men of sound judgement, of disciplined and trained intellect, of upright and manly character. She has sent them off to this world to encounter its tribulations and to fight their way against the torrent of life, confident that they will not be swept along with the current. The five years spent under her tutelage have served as a mould from which her sons have emerged armed with the sharp weapon of morality. Morality has been the atmosphere in which her students have breathed and lived and worked. For with a wisdom tempered by experience she realizes that the mere accumulation of knowledge is not sufficient for the securing of a happy life; some guiding and controlling force is needed to direct that knowledge in the proper channels and towards worthy goals. Thus it is that the graduates of B.C. have left the school, equipped with a well-rounded education, with all their faculties of mind, heart, will and body harmoniously developed, and they have gone forth thus armed to make their way manfully through life.

This year, another group of men is being sent out into this troubled world. While past years have not been without their difficulties, this present year seems exceptionally unfavourable for most of the graduates who wish to complete their education. There will be obstacles, we know, and hardships too, caused by this global war. Far from being discouraged, however, by these adverse circumstances, we are all the more strongly determined to meet them courageously and to endure them patiently. We are confident that we will eventually overcome all the difficulties in our path, as long as that high spirit instilled in our hearts by our Alma Mater is the guide and rule of our actions.

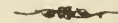
We are prepared to wait until the light of peace once more shines over the world and restores to the hearts of men the principles of justice and charity. The purpose of the well-rounded training we have been given in Baghdad College is not proximately to fit us for some special profession. We have been taught to cope successfully even with the unforeseen emergencies of life. Our foundation is not something material

that can be swept away by the storms of life. It is something spiritual, something that will remain in spite of the destructive forces of nature and the present ruling spirit of the world.

All the obstacles facing us have created in our graduating class a strong and precious ambition, containing all our budding power and embracing all the energies with which our youth is rich. A valuable lesson we have been taught, namely, that whenever the arts and labors of life are fulfilled in this spirit of striving against hard things and of doing whatever we have to do honourably and whole-heartedly, they invariably bring happiness. Hence this year, we, the graduates, are determined to face real life with the motto, 'To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.'

Soon, very soon, the school bell will ring for the last time. It will be the signal for our departure, the signal for our leave-taking from one whom we have come to love ever so tenderly, our Alma Mater. It is the trumpet which rouses us to the battle of life, summoning us to plunge into the troubled torrent and to buffet the waves with lusty sinews, till we reach the shore of safety.

We remember well how that same bell used to arouse our fear or our anger, when it called us to a hard exam or when it ended a pleasant recreation period. But today the harshness of that bell has changed to a soft, melodious tune that overwhelms our hearts with deep sorrow, for it announces our departure from our loyal mother. Mingled with that sorrow, however, yes, and dominating it, is a stimulating feeling of hope. For, though we must say farewell, yet everyone of us feels within himself the power of fulfilling the motto we have adopted, "To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."



Passing in Review

1939—1944

"What? have these small boys really come to our school? This is surely not a kindergarten or a nursery, but a high school! It's no place for mere infants!" Such were our comments last October, as we stood in a group at the entrance to the school building scrutinizing the new students of

Baghdad College. Little did we realize, as we uttered those offending words, that one October morning way back in 1939 we too had been looked upon with the same disconcerting eyes of the graduating class. We felt so strange and embarrassed that first day that for a while we hardly spoke to anyone. About all did was shift from one foot to another, as we watched some of the older boys enthusiastically playing the games they had missed for the past three months.

After about an hour, during which we gradually become acquainted with some of the students, we were warmly welcomed by Rev. Fr. Sarjeant, the President of Baghdad College, with a speech which filled us with courage and expectation. We no longer felt timid or shy: "the school" had become "our school." Soon we were shown into our classroom, where amid much noise and confusion everyone rushed to take a seat beside his friend. But as we met the cool, blue eyes of Fr. Williams, we immediately fell into silence. "That is what you should learn first," was his opening sentence to us. Then he explained some of the rules of the school and read us a list of the books we would need for the year. The next day a definite schedule was given us and our classes were regulated. Fr. Williams tested our knowledge of Religion and English, for he was to be our teacher in both these subjects, and then the other classes began.

Thus it was that we entered upon our pursuit of knowledge five years ago, and gradually we become more familiar with our school and our new way of life. A good part of our time during those early days was devoted to studies and in particular to the drawing of large maps with which Fr. Miff, our geography professor, decorated the walls of the classroom. We still remember Fr. Armitage's most interesting explanation of the early civilizations and the battles that took place in those distant days. During that first year we went once on a picnic to Al Hindiyah. There we saw the Barrage regulating the waters of the Euphrates, and there we played a slow-motion baseball game on a bank covered with foot of very fine sand.

As the Spelling Bee and the Arabic Proverb Contest were parts of the course in First High, we entered both of these competitions. The one gladiator alive in the arena after the Arabic Contest was Elwin Kennedy, while in the Spelling Bee the spoils of victory were divided between the same conqueror and Hikmet Emmanuel. Our class average in First was not only the highest for the year but also a new class record for the school.

Joining forces with our mates of Class B, we passed into Second High in October, 1940. Here we started the study of Science. Geometry, which has always seemed to create difficulties for Second High students, was taught by Fr. Mahan—and shall we ever forget his small blue stamp or his cardboard basketball court? In chemistry, Fr. Fennell's neatly written and brightly colored charts first aroused and then increased our interest in this subject. This year marked our first great victory in the field of sports. Through the tireless efforts of our athletes, Michael Stanley, Joseph Georgie, Kamil Nassouri and others, we succeeded in winning the School Track Meet. The silver loving cup, symbol of our victory, we proudly enthroned on a green and maroon silk banner in our classroom. Now, as we look back, how sweet is the memory of this first conquest! In our second year, owing to external circumstances, the school was closed before the usual time.

We returned in the fall of '41 to enter Third High and begin a new phase of our school life. This was our most difficult year. Besides the vast and hard course in Arabic, two new subjects, biology and botany, were added to our program. Yet we bore this burden patiently and studied with constancy, and in the end our efforts were rewarded; for almost all who took the Government Intermediate Examinations passed. As far as we can remember, we had only one picnic during the year: it was a remarkable excursion to Rustamiyah on cycles. Fathers Fennell and Hoyt joined us, and though we had to carry our means of transportation halfway home, we enjoyed the day immensely.

After much hard work, we passed into the peaceful fourth year, where the lessons did not seem so burdensome. The only new subject was trigonometry which we found not too difficult, and so we had an opportunity to become acquainted with the many fine books in our library. By this time our number had decreased, owing to the departure of some of our Third High classmates, one of whom was our class leader, Elwin Kennedy. But on the other hand, this lessening of numbers was partly made up by the appearance of five new students in our midst. One of them was the well known "Sayyid" who provided us with many laughs, and another was the "all-knowing doctor" who insisted on violating Fr. Gookin's laboratory rules.

An unforgettable incident of this year and, as we look back, the most memorable event of the entire five years, was our being expelled from school. It all happened through a misunderstanding. Our purposeless acts in the course of a

certain Arabic class were taken as the greatest and most villainous crimes against the school authorities, and so we were immediately put in exile. During this period we used to assemble in Sa'adun Park and remain there from morn till noon, thinking of our future and condemning the verdict passed upon us. We also played games, listened to records, and took pictures. In the afternoons we met, either in the cinema or on the river in small rowing boats. At last, after seven rather restless holidays, there came the news that the misunderstanding had been cleared up and that the students of Fourth High would be allowed to return and resume their studies. What a disappointment it was to learn that all the negatives of the pictures we took while in exile were spoiled!

Finally, we come in our chronicle to that long-awaited Fifth Year. Lessons have not been difficult on the whole, for a large part of our studies has been a repetition of matter previously taken. Our physics and biology labs have been splendid, and we have enjoyed them as well as profited very much from them. Compared with the 92 boys in First High, our class is very small: it is composed of only 21 boys, all of whom were together in Fourth with the exception of Claude who left us three years ago and rejoined us this year. We have tried, however, to compensate for our smallness in numbers by the quality of our achievements.

Our activities this year have been many. As it was to be our last year together in B.C., and as the prospects of meeting in the future were uncertain, we thought it would be well to take one more trip as a group. We decided on Basra and there we went during the Christmas vacation, accompanied by Fr. Sheehan. The news of our restless journey in a baggage compartment was spread throughout Baghdad even before we reached our destination. Small wonder that Fr. Gookin did not join us! Through the kindness of Fr. Gogue, we made his school our headquarters during our stay in Basra, and on the night of our arrival, which was Christmas Eve, we all went to the Latin Church. In the course of the week, we played baseball, basketball and volleyball, and one day we hired some bicycles and pedalled to that evergreen Abu Khasib. Some of us played tennis on the courts of the Shatt-al-Arab Hotel, and there too we had an excellent dinner the last night of our visit, thus bringing to a close a very enjoyable holiday.

The days after the Christmas vacation passed rapidly, and almost before we realized it Easter

was upon us. On Tuesday, April 4, the Government Track Meet was held, and representing our class on the school team were two athletes of whom we are justly proud: Claude Le Merle, the outstanding performer of the afternoon, and George Yusuf, the distance marvel. In distinguishing themselves on the field they did their part to win the cup for B.C., and in bringing honor to the Green and Maroon they added further glory to the Class of '44.

During the Easter vacation we made our Graduation Retreat under the inspiring direction of Fr. Michael J. McCarthy, S.J., of Basra. We lived in the Boarding School during the three days of our retreat, and though the experience was a new one for us, we trust that we derived from it that inner strength and vitality that will be so needed in the days ahead.

Prominent among our activities this year has been the work of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Our class was well represented among the officers of this organization, Hikmet Emmanuel being Prefect, Alfred Paulus Vice-Prefect, Donald Martin Secretary, and Joseph Rashid Treasurer. We are proud of the record made this final year under the inspiration of these leaders, a record that compares favorably with the high standards of Sodality activity in the past.

On the only occasion this year when the entire school was gathered together for the reading of marks, Tuesday, May 9, our class leader, Hikmet Emmanuel, delivered a stirring speech to the assembled Faculty and student body. The topic of his address was "The Disease of the Modern World and Its Remedy." Once again, our class average was the highest in the school.

This year, our graduation year, is now practically over, and we are almost ready to conclude our chronicle. Five short years have passed in review before us, and now we begin to look ahead. From small boys we have become young men with our future aims in sight. As we prepare to go forth from our Alma Mater, we are determined to keep the memories of the past ever fresh in our hearts in the hope that they will help us so to live that Baghdad College will always be proud of us.

Benjamin Thaddeus, '44

From Our Treasure Chest....

Now that we are going to leave this world of our studies and face the implacable problems and hardships of life, we, the members of Fifth High, Class of 1944, strong of body and sane of mind, do hereby signify our determination to leave the treasures of our community for the benefit of the other classes and for that of posterity. The estate is to be divided thus:

WE LEAVE the legendary spectacles of the studious Edward Bashir to any scientist-to-be or to any Noble Prize aspirant.

WE LEAVE the shyness and reserve of Muhsin Hikmet to the exuberant and bubbling Aram Seropian, as well as to the gentle Fatty Nannis.

WE LEAVE Gabriel's eraser and his highly developed aim to whoever sits in Shaul's place.

WE LEAVE the improvised poetry of William Shammas to the as yet uninspired Billy Terzi.

WE LEAVE Shaul's new method of conjugation to whoever is not fastidious about speaking English correctly.

WE LEAVE the endurance of Geege Yusuf, together with his method of respiration, to the vivacious Sami Obeyda.

WE LEAVE the "jokes" of Hagop..... well..... joyfully.

WE LEAVE Sabih's great affinity for news, and his love for music in general and for swing in particular to any devoted radio listener.

WE LEAVE the mimicry and the astonishing tricks of Benjamin to any entertaining fellow like him.

WE LEAVE Bernard Skender's eloquence and forceful speech to any lawyer-to-be.

WE LEAVE Albert Musa's nicely combed hair and the flower in his buttonhole to any Don Juan in search of adventure.

WE LEAVE Claude's high jump to the boarders, anxious to take a leap downtown.

WE LEAVE Emmanuel Kurkjian's impassibility and reserve to any future diplomat.

WE LEAVE our vast experience with strikes to those who wish to have a week or so holiday.

WE LEAVE those intangible but notorious qualities of the class, such as order, silence, and discipline to any "suk" or "chaykhana" in the city.

And finally, we leave to the Fathers the sincere expression of our deep love, reverence, and gratitude, together with the assurance that we perfectly understand the sacrifices and the hardships borne by them for our good; and for this we cannot thank them enough.

Written on this fourth day of May, in the year our Lord, nineteen hundred and forty-four.

Pierre Michon.

Time Marches On!

Hundreds of cars were parked outside the huge Metropolitan Hotel which was a masterpiece of architecture built along the Tigris and designed by Mr. B. Thaddeus. The continual shuffle of feet told of something important taking place. It was what could perhaps be called the outstanding social event of the season. It was, in fact, the wedding of the multimillionaire, Mr. Joseph Rashid (The fortunes of some millionaires are attributed to a saving wife, but this was clearly not the case with our friend.) The spacious lounge was illuminated in a manner never known before, for it was specially arranged by Mr. H. Hagopian, the prominent electrical engineer, who, however, did not himself appear at the reception. Rumor had it that he had fallen in love and so had preferred solitude.

Mr. Joseph Rashid and his bride were standing on a platform by the entrance where they were being congratulated by the guests, but I do not think that Mr. Rashid and any ears for the sincere greetings. He seemed to be all eyes of devotion. As soon as he got a moment of respite he tore open an envelope and out popped a telegram. It had come from Dr. Bashir in Edinburgh. In one of the corners of the room an excellent band directed by Mr. H. Emmanuel was playing sweet melodies. At intervals he would take up his violin to explain to Mr. Walid Yusuf the meaning of "octave" and "major triad." It seemed to me, from the discussion that ensued, that the misunderstanding of Mr. Yusuf went back to some fundamental deficiency in his physics' course.

Around a table in the lounge sat some classmates of Mr. Rashid. There were Mr. George Yusuf, the Physical Trainer of the Iraq Olympic Team; Mr. Albert Musa, a man, who, although of no definite profession, was far from being inactive; and Mr. Emmanuel Kurkjian, the chief clerk of the city's leading department store. Conversation had drifted along from one subject to another and empty glasses littered the table. Fr. P. S. Pahlawan, S.J., one of the Jesuits stationed at Baghdad University, sensing the extravagance of the drinks, excused himself tactfully after forecasting a happy life and a successful marriage. At the door, he met Sayid Muhsen Sulaiman who was a frank man and a prominent personality in the government. There he was, hesitating at the door, with a twisted handkerchief in his hand, a habit formed while giving speeches in class. "Hello," said Father Pahlawan to his friend of years gone by, "I think you're a bit late. By the way, that assistance you gave me while I was representing my colleagues was indispensable for the running of the school. Thank you very much for it." Sayid Sulaiman then entered and after expressing his hopeful wishes to Mr. Rashid and having a drink he left abruptly, saying he had important work to attend to.

Around another table in a small room adjoining the lounge, I recognized some more classmates sitting in two groups. One was made up of Mr. B. Skender, the experienced lawyer; Mr. F. Dano, the brilliant mathematician; and Mr. A. Paulus, an engineer from Basra. The other group was made up of Chief Engineer Pierre Michon of the French Fleet; Mr. Benjamin Thaddeus, who has already been mentioned; Mr. C. Le Merle, an industrial chemist rolling in money brought from South Africa; and Mr. S. Ghannam of the Iraqi Embassy in London. The latter had come to Baghdad on six month's leave with his wife whose charm rivaled his own.

Eavesdropping on the first group I heard—"My love for her multiplies every day, while her affection for me seems to be dwindling by a constantly increasing variable approaching positive infinity." This complaint came from Mr. Dano. To which Mr. Skender replied comfortingly, "Don't give up. Somehow I feel justice will find its place and the compensation will exceed your expenditure. I hope the sentence she will pronounce upon you will be a favorable one." "And I hope," said Mr. Paulus, "to see you running smoothly along the well-constructed road of your married life, bearing in mind that every brick must be carefully laid. Spend time freely on the rough plan of your future and determine to carry it out

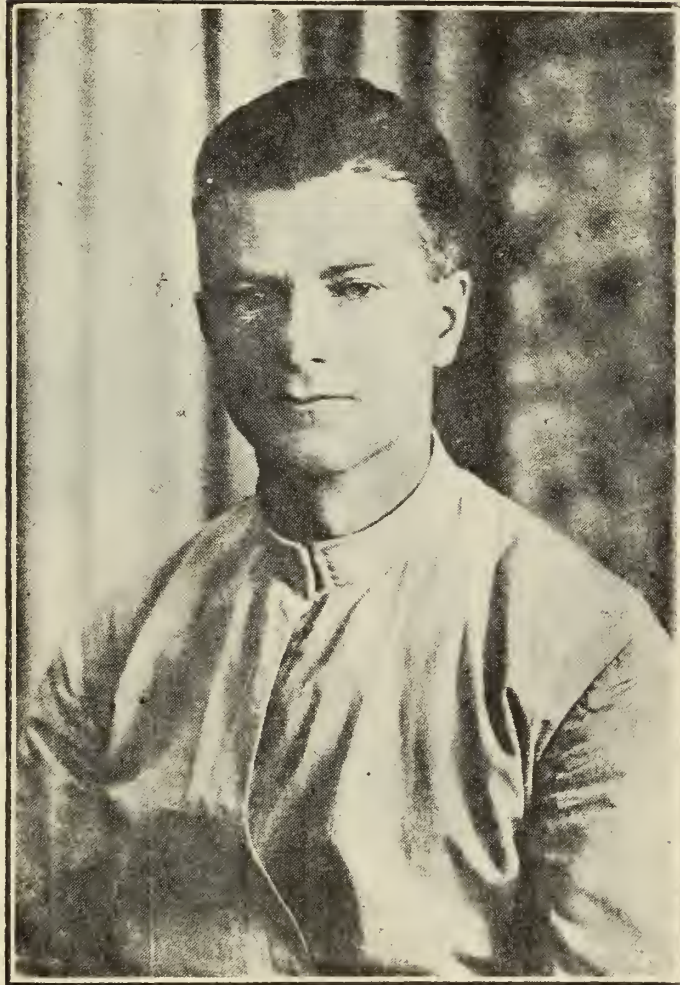
in spite of the obstacles and the stubbornness of the people you have to deal with. "Thank you very much," replied Mr. Dano, "and now tell us about yourself, Mr. Skender."

Time was slipping away and I had to leave that group and eavesdrop on the other one. "How is our old friend Gabriel?" asked Mr. Michon. "I wouldn't be surprised if he is ploughing along at full speed with the dials of his instruments trying to pass the line marked 'full' in that surgical field of his." "Yes, he is utilizing every possible means," broke in Mr. Thaddeus. "Don't you remember how he used to snatch every opportunity in class to get that 'rubber' on the move in a straight line towards Shaul's head? Well, when I last heard from him, he had a very special case. Shaul, who is now, of course, Mr. Basri, while carrying out an experiment in radio television, was badly injured. Gabriel is now trying to save the life of his friend, and he says he has every hope of success."

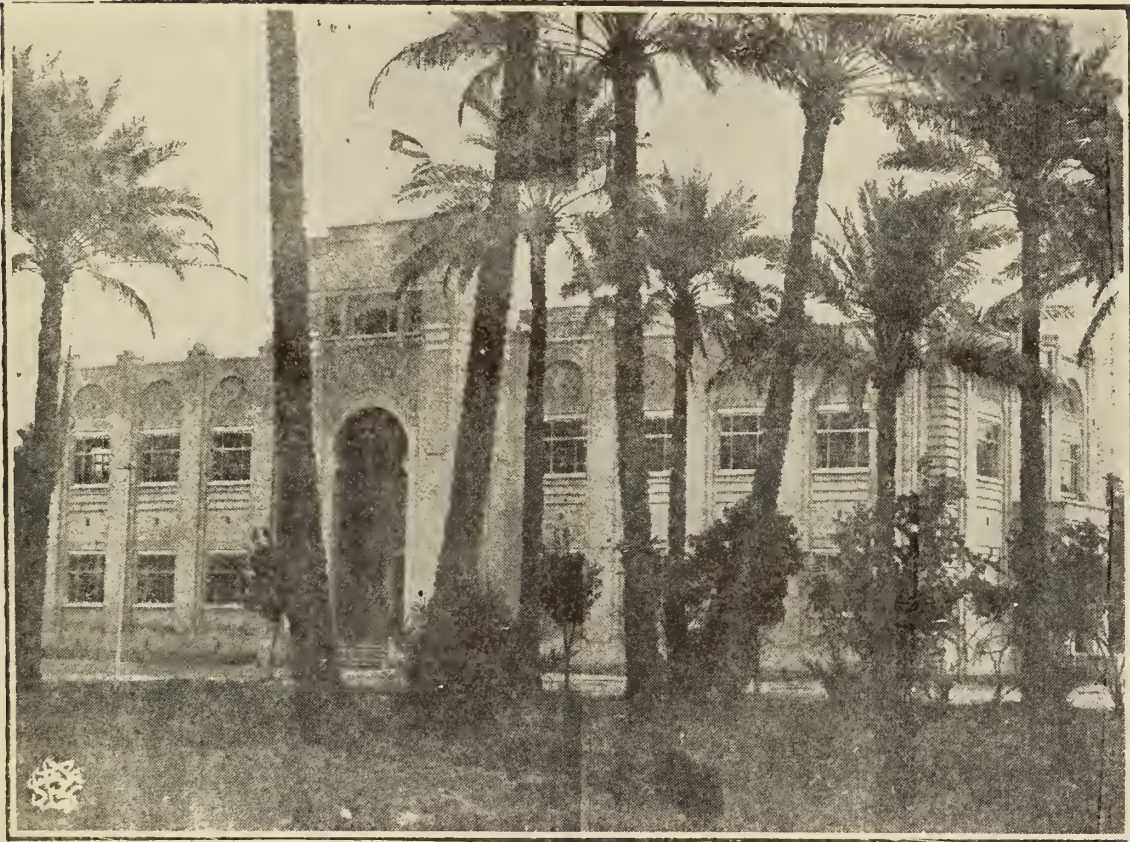
Mr. Ghannam was beginning to show unrest, for he was no ardent admirer of Mr. Basri. "Why talk about those in America?" he complained. "Besides, one of them was always full of some fantastic philosophy and the other was always suggesting shorter methods in mathematics! Oh, I nearly forgot something. Did you listen to the music broadcasted last night by the B.B.C., Ben?" "Yes," was the almost instantaneous retort, "how could I miss it? It was really exhilarating! And oh! that piano solo was indescribable!" At this point Mr. Le Merle interjected, "What you get out of that serious stuff I don't know!" (for with the passage of time many tastes change). It is of course clear that Mr. Le Merle was and still is an enthusiastic devotee of "swing" music, and besides, he has a wonderful collection of jokes (not silly ones). When Mr. Le Merle started telling some of his jokes, I slipped away, for I had heard them before.

As I left I was thinking of all the changes that had taken place. More than ever before I realized that life is but a swift succession of years that speed by almost unnoticed. Then suddenly some event sets us contemplating and we resolve anew to make the most of the time that yet remains ours to use.

Donald Martin, '44



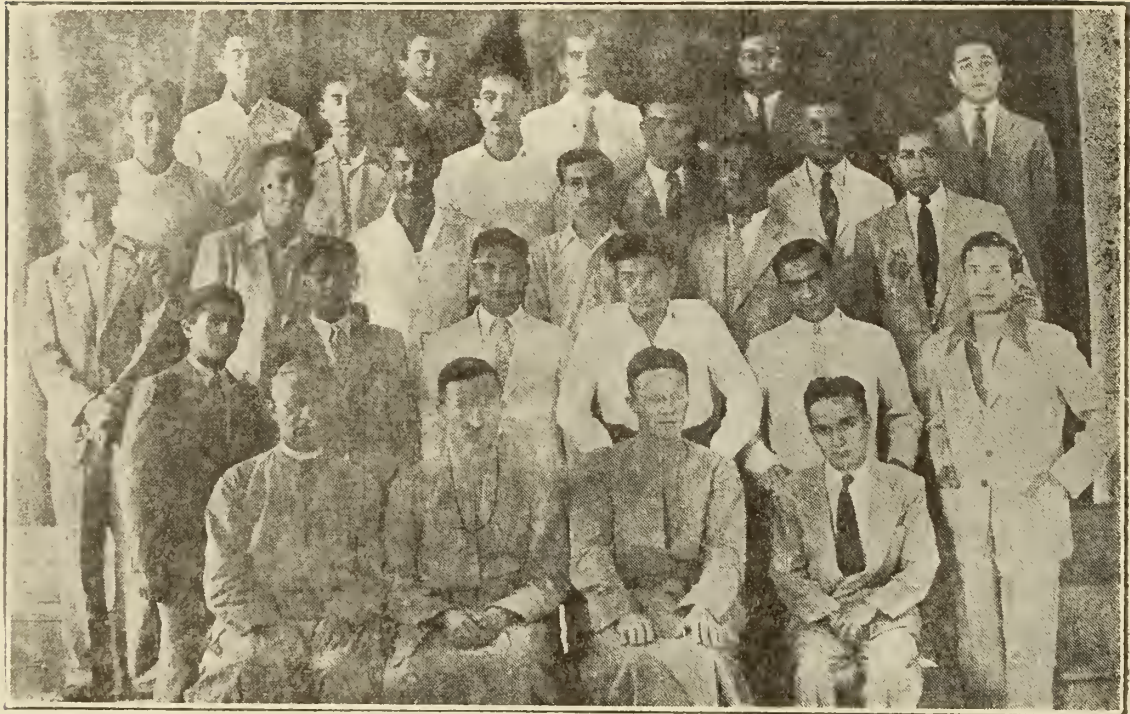
Rev. Joseph P. Connell, S.J.
Refect of Studies



Baghdad College.



Faculty 1943—1944.



Fourth High.



Third High.

UNDERCLASSMEN

FOURTH HIGH

Early in October, Baghdad College opened wide her gates to welcome her students at the beginning of another scholastic year. When the bell rang for our first assembly, we found ourselves assigned to the place vacated by last year's Fourth High Class: our Intermediate days were over, we were now Secondary students and one step closer to graduation. As we marched silently to our new classroom, we noticed a number of unfamiliar but smiling faces. The report, then, that we had heard was true... new Fathers had come from America to teach us.

In our very first class we met one of the new arrivals, Fr Sullivan, who was to be our English teacher. He gave us a short talk, advising us how to approach the task that lay ahead of us during the year and outlining the work we were to do in English. Then came our other teachers in the following periods, and the school year was under way!

The first month passed quickly and uneventfully. Part of the time we spent in the vicinity of the canteen, for there was some difficulty about obtaining an Arabic teacher. In the religion class we renewed acquaintances with our old friends: Aziz, the donkey, and Okra, as Fr Devenny explained to us the nature of man, animals, and plants. Some of the humorists in the class brought to our chemistry professor, Fr Gookin, the "new" jokes they had collected. At the end of the second month, our Class President, the beehive, Mr Seropian, read to us a letter he had just received. "Dear humorists," it ran, "your jokes have been received. Some of them we have heard before, some we do not see yet." This letter put an end to the humorist movement in Fourth. Early in the year, William Terzi suffered from a severe cold, but it was evident that he had completely recovered by the end of the second month, when he took a strong hold on the class leadership.

As soon as we started the study of "Julius Caesar," some of the class became captivated by the new phrases they met, and in a short time Shakespearean expressions were heard here, there, and everywhere, and in all kinds of situations. An idea may be formed as to how perfectly Newman was later studied from the fact that his language began to find its way even into our mathematics classes. Imagine the puzzled look on Fr. Devenny's face when "Charles Atlas" after being corrected, stammered, and then calmly said, "I was merely trying to obviate misconception." The 50 fifts, sesquipedalian words used by Albert Michael in the English and Oral English classes leave us breathless; we dread to think of the effect on his audience, if this tendency of his goes on increasing.

We always welcomed Thursday morning, not because it was a half-holiday, but because of the interesting two hours we would have in the "lab" with Fr. Gookin. In addition to the profit and enjoyment of these periods, there were occasionally incidents which interrupted our serious application. During the past year, some of the members of our class took a special course in hygiene under the direction of Frs. Devenny and Loeffler. They had a chance to put their knowledge to practical use during noon recreations when they were allowed to work with the Health and Sanitation Department. On a higher level of endeavor, the work of the Sodality in our class merits special commendation: all took active part in the program of the Sodality.

Fourth High had a very successful year in the field of sports, and we are proud of the remarkable record made by our athletes. We won the class baseball league after overcoming the stiff opposition put up by a strong First High team. In the class volleyball league we were also victorious. One of our classmates, Joseph Georgie ("Foufou"), had the distinction of being selected to play on the Iraqi basketball team that toured Syria and Lebanon. We fought valiantly to retain the school championship in track, but we were finally compelled to admit defeat and hand over the School Cup to Second High. But, in the Government Track Meet on April 4th our class came to the fore again, when three representatives of Fourth High, "Foufou," Ahmed, and Tommina, helped to bring victory and the King's Cup to B C. "Foufou" and Ahmed also ran on the championship relay team which established a new Iraqi record and won the Lord Cornwallis Cup for our school. On the varsity basketball team which advanced to the finals of the Government Tournament two of the stars, "Foufou" and John Metti, were

members of our class. This athletic record speaks for itself, and we can honestly say that we have "done and dared" that the banners of Green and Maroon may be seen "proudly waving everywhere."

The year is almost over—we look back over the past months with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction at what we have accomplished. One more hurdle remains to be jumped, the final exams—and then we will be Seniors! We await our final year eagerly, for we are determined to crown our course with an even better record, scholastically and athletically, than those we have made in the past.

Antoine Cherkhi

THIRD HIGH

When school began once again in the early days of last October, Third High was prepared to face the difficult, final year of Intermediate studies, with the prospect of a Government exam to be taken at the end. We were divided into two sections, A and B, and though most of our classes were held separately, we were together for some periods.

In the first days of the new school year, we all met some difficulties, until we became familiar with our course and the new subjects we were taking. We found that we had to work much harder than we did in Second High, and in some subjects, as history and geography, we had to quicken our steps to keep pace with the program. We shall always remember the interesting books and poems we studied in English: all the class admired them and found them very enjoyable. The sciences also aroused our eager attention and careful study; we used to look forward to those periods when physics experiments were to be performed in our own classrooms.

When the Christmas Vacation approached, the Sodalists were very active and notices were posted on the bulletin board reminding us of the charitable deeds to be done for the poor. Almost every boy in both classes contributed either money or clothes to be distributed for the relief of the poor. We are proud of the good example given by Third High in this praiseworthy activity.

In Third A the class leadership shifted back and forth between Adib Raouf and Sami Lawrence, with a dark horse, John Marrow, taking first place for the month of February. Similarly in Third B, Edmond Elowe and Allen Cotta staged a close rivalry for the leadership of the class. The names of these last two usually represented our class on the School Honor Roll also.

When the time came for basketball, Third High had the distinction of placing two of its members on the school team. Bedi Atchoo was one of the star forwards on the quintet that went all the way to the finals in the Government Tournament, and Louis Raffouli frequently brought loud cheers from the B.C. followers when he entered the game as a substitute and promptly proceeded to make brilliant shots for goals. Our class baseball team played well in the league but was finally overcome by the hard-hitting teams of Fourth and First. In the School Track Meet we were not very successful in our efforts to obtain the cup, but Sami Lawrence ran a fast race to defeat Khalid in the 100 meters. Nezir trained faithfully for the hurdles, but he was unable to beat Fouad on the day of the meet.

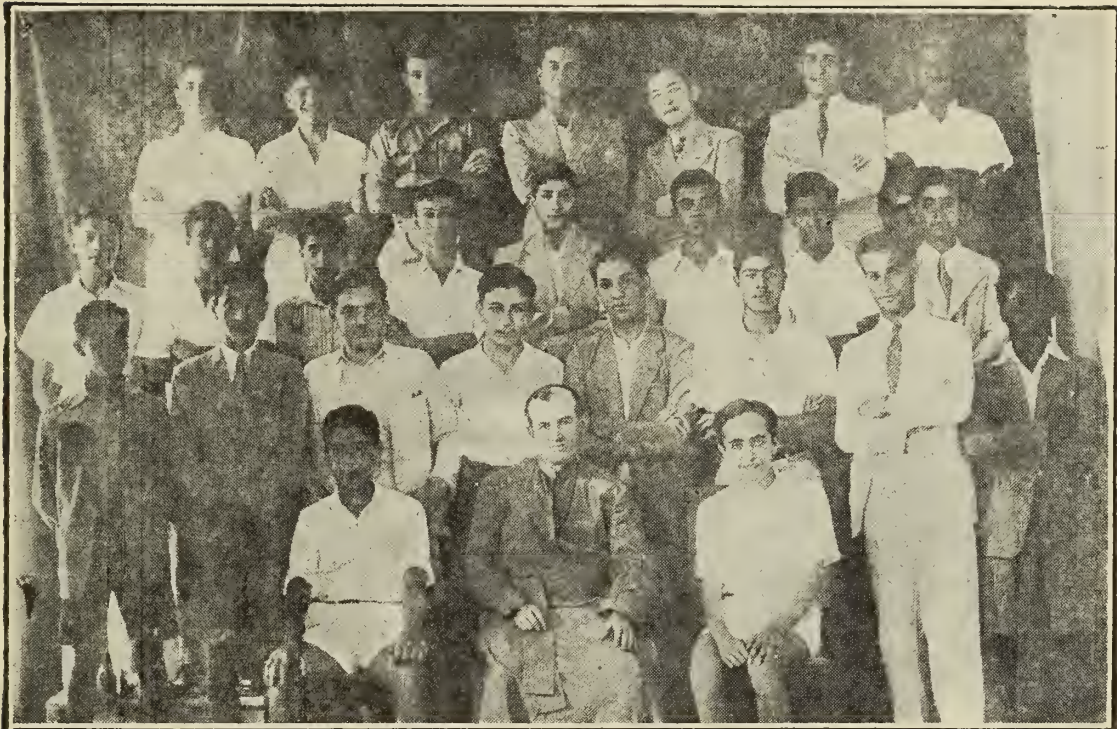
One of the many pleasant memories of the year was a class picnic. Accompanied by Fr. Sheehan, we went cycling to Zaafaranah, had a fine lunch, and took some pictures. There were the usual punctures and once we went off the road on the way home, but in spite of all that we enjoyed the day very much. By February everyone in Third High had become extremely serious about preparing for the Government Exams. As the days and weeks passed quickly by, we increased our efforts that we might pass these exams successfully and be a credit to B.C. in the record we make in them.

During the month of May every student in the religion class prepared a short talk to be delivered on an assigned day as a special devotion to Our Lady. We also made a beautiful shrine in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and each day fresh flowers were brought and placed before her statue.

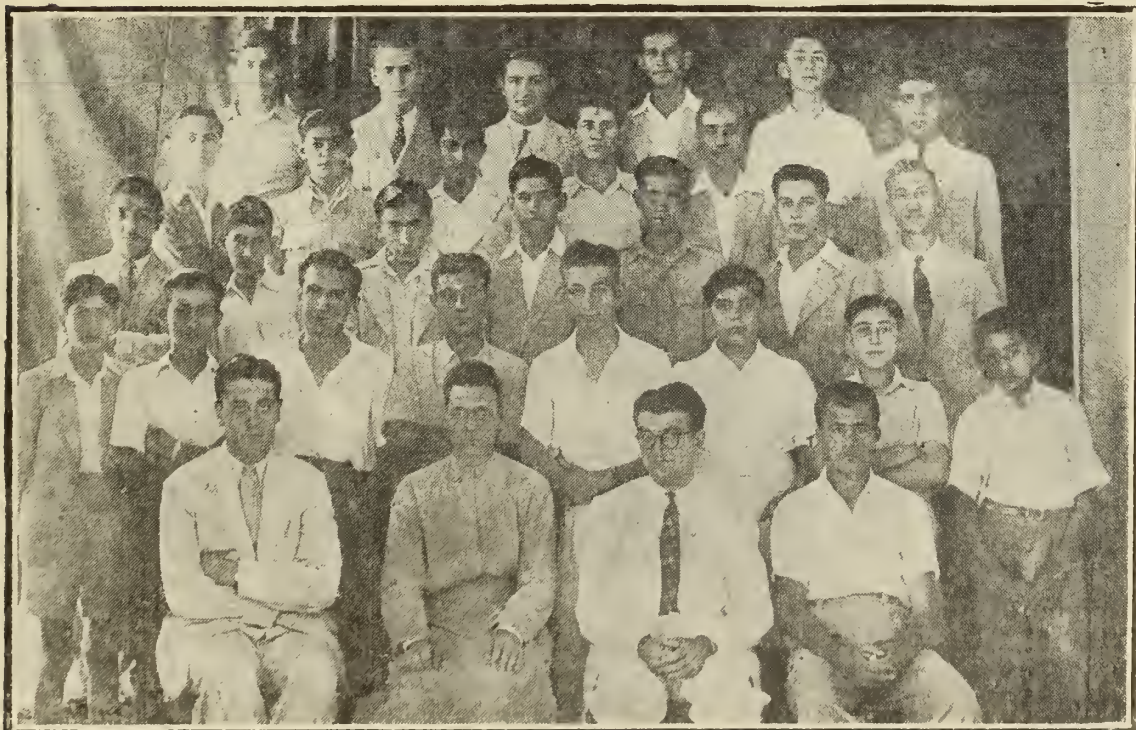
As we look back over the year, we must admit that it was a difficult one, but the spirit of study which animated us will, we hope, bring us the reward we seek. Even with all the work, we spent a joyful year in Third, and we all thank our teachers heartily for their generous, continued labor with us.

Sami Lawrence, Third A

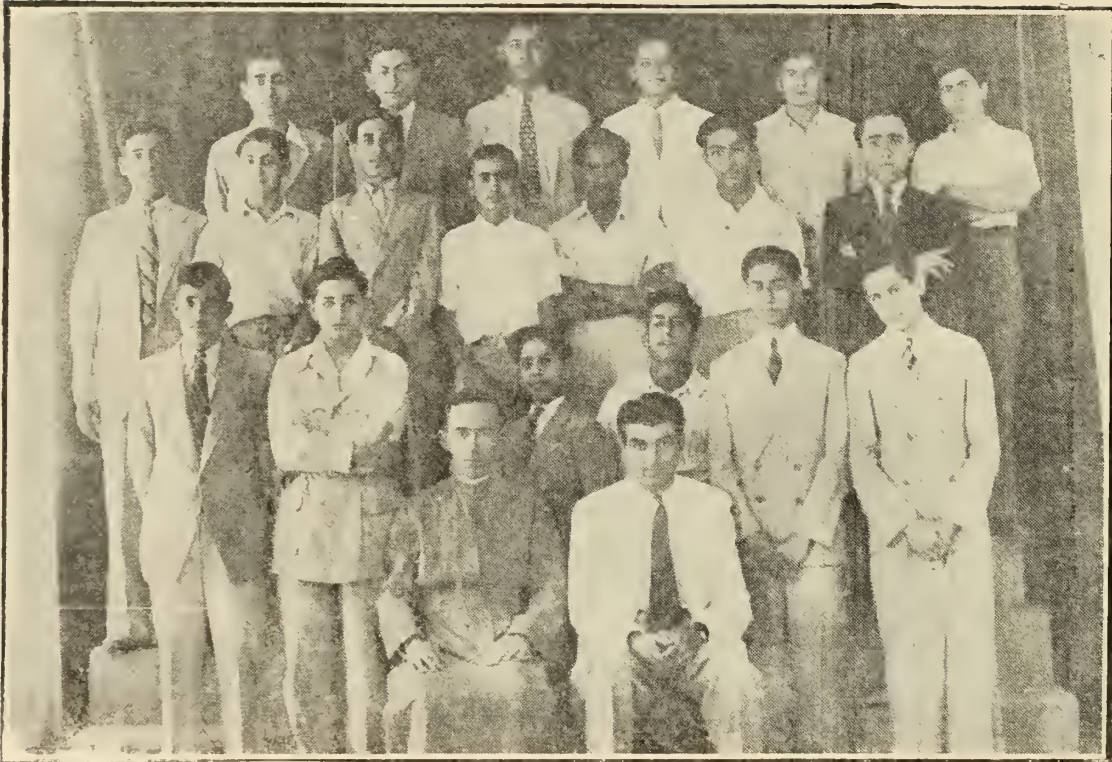
Allen Cotta, Edmond Elowe, Third B



Second High A



Second High B



Second High C



Classroom.

SECOND HIGH A

At the beginning of the school year we felt very apprehensive about the future, and we frankly considered our situation catastrophic because of the various new subjects and thick books that frightened us so much and seemed to be so difficult to comprehend. Happily, our fears soon vanished for the new studies proved to be less difficult than we anticipated. Thus, in religion the spiritual lessons given by Fr. Mahan nourished our minds and hearts and will give their good fruits one day when, after leaving school, we find ourselves well prepared to face the difficulties of life. We feel that we have profited much also by the weekly religion talks on the Blessed Sacrament and on our Holy Mother, the Virgin Mary.

During the year Second A has made rapid progress in all the lessons. The persevering struggles of Fr. Mahan were not unfruitful in English as well as in geometry. This being our first year in chemistry, we seemed to have some misunderstanding at first. But it did not last more than the first month, for very soon we developed an interest in this subject and together with our professor, Mr. Jibran, we began to master the mysteries of chemistry. In Arabic Mr. Bechir kept his promise to follow the method of shooting two birds with one stone, so that the poems that we memorized this year will help us in Third High. By his interesting lectures Mr. Abbosh filled our minds with the history of the Arabs from the period of their migration to the present time.

The constant struggle with Fifth High for leadership of the school in studies found us several times successful. But perhaps our most spectacular triumph was the one we shared with Sections B and C, for by our modest efforts we helped to bring the School Track Championship to Second High and aided in snatching the cup from the grasp of Fifth High, who had also won the Championship when they were in Second High. We close the year with feelings of deep gratitude to all our teachers, who labored so hard to make our studies profitable and as painless as possible.

Boghos Boghossian

SECOND HIGH B

When we first came to school this year, all the boys were anxious to know who their new teachers were. After diligent investigation we learned that the only one we knew was Mr. Abbosh, the history teacher. For our class teacher we had Fr. Madaras in religion, geometry, and English; we also had Mr. Jibran in chemistry and geography. There was no teacher at first for Arabic. This did not seem to trouble some of the boys. Another thing which also did not trouble them was the lateness of the books in arriving from America; they finally came, however, in November. Mr. Nejdet, our Arabic teacher, also came in November, at the beginning of the month.

This war is terribly annoying to people all over the world, and even in Second High B it made itself felt. It was the war that made our books arrive late. Then paper, pencils, and other school needs had to be rationed, but this made us careful in using them, and in that way we learned not to waste things.

We entered one of the first classes at the beginning of the year, and one of the new teachers was ready to begin his lecture. The lecturer began to talk. More than half the period passed. Nothing happened. Then suddenly we were startled by a great noise. It was the voice of the new teacher saying to Sami Obeyda, "If you speak one word more, I will make you copy out the whole book five hundred times." Sami therefore kept silence for the rest of that period.

What a strange thing it was when the boys saw this same Sami asking permission from Mr. Nejdet to recite before the class an Arabic poem which he himself had composed! It was only doggerel and it made us laugh very much, but it contained a magnificent moral. The recitation, of course, was very well done.

One day, after the English class was over, we entered the geometry class. Fr. Madaras was standing as usual by his desk waiting for the boys. In that class we had to deal with circles, and so Fr. Madaras should have brought compasses with him. But after the prayer he said, "This is war time, and compasses are hard to get, and therefore we shall use a piece of string instead. It will do the work

just as well." One of the boys who did not like geometry wanted to stop the class by taking the string from the desk when Fr. Madaras was not looking. It was a bold adventure to take that string with Fr. Madaras standing hard by, and the boy tried his best to get it, but he did not succeed. Anyhow, we learned later that Fr. Madaras had another piece of string in his possession.

When we came to the description of Ichabod Crane in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," the character of the pedagogue resembled that of one of the Second High B boys. This boy was therefore denominated Ichabod Crane by the rest of the class, and is thus known even now. This will explain to Fr. Madaras why the boys always laughed when the name of Ichabod Crane occurred in the lesson.

Before concluding the glorious history of Second High B we must mention our great athletic triumph. Second High B was proud of its athletes and the way they shone in the School Track Meet. They helped to get first place in the meet and to win the School Cup. The three sections of Second High A, B, and C had united and toiled together to get the cup, but it was Second High B that won most of the points, and so it seemed only just that the cup should be put in their classroom. But so generous are we of Second High B that we let Second High A have it in their class first, and we shall have it next in ours.

Yusuf Allos

SECOND HIGH C

When we first entered Baghdad College we found our teacher to be Mr. Burby, a man of over twenty years experience in the classroom. By the end of the year Mr. Burby admitted that he had never met such a class as ours. His hair had whitened and his brow was furrowed with care.

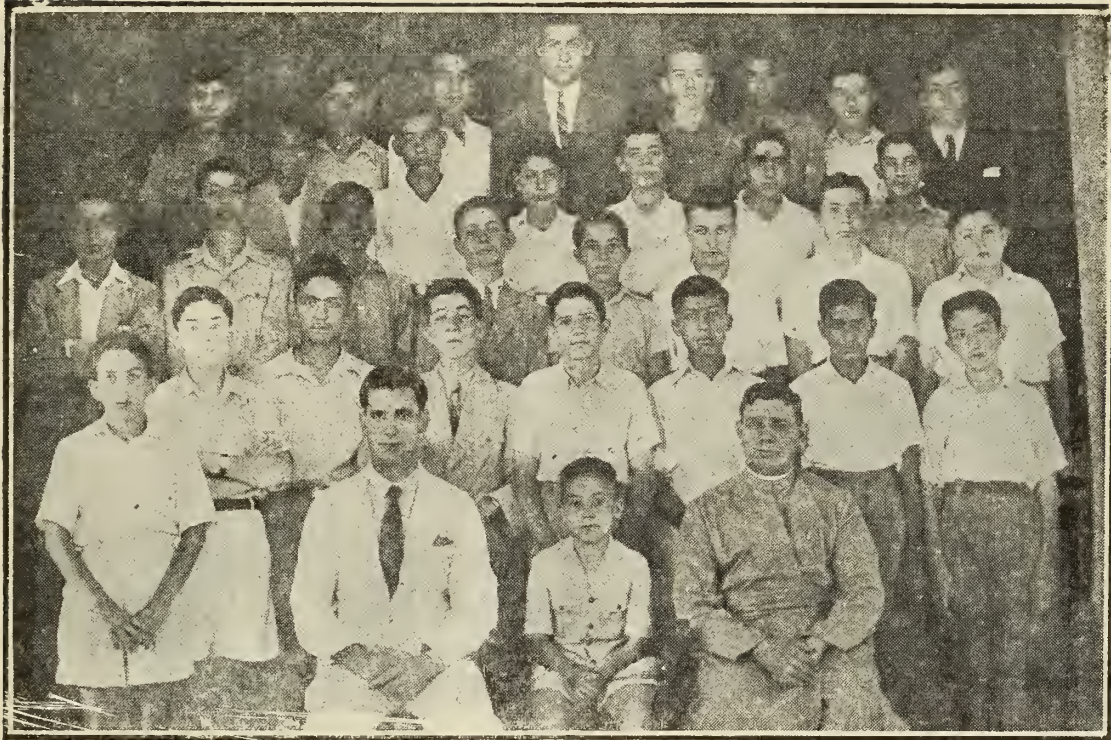
This year the same group found themselves in second High C with Fr. MacNeil as their teacher. The class has tried hard, if not always successfully, to overcome a great weakness in the English tongue. We have found Mr. Jibran's chemistry class difficult but interesting.

Our section, with Shawket and Khalid as our representatives, had its share of points in winning the School Track Meet for Second High. The cup will be on exhibition in the three Second High classrooms, and we are eagerly awaiting our turn to display it.

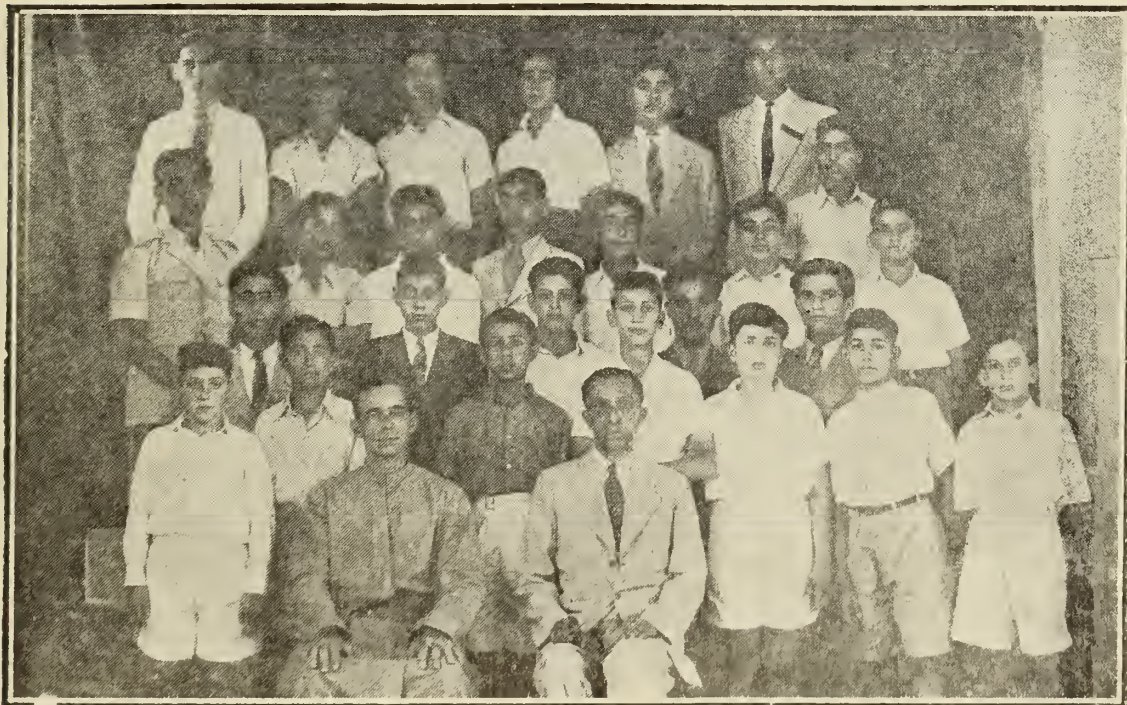
Mr. Bechir has had some very useful contests in the Arabic class. The class was divided in two parts; the heavy bombs used in the contests were Mr. Bechir's "zeros." In the course of the hard fighting, many boys were "flooded" by these bombs.

Memories of the class which will remain with us through the years will be: Nuri's foxy grin and Yacoub's love for English Grammar; Abdul Suhail's "supermelligorgeously" and Ghanim's search for big words; Luay Suwaidi's faithful attendance in class; Khalid Issa Taha's shyness and careful study; Abdul Jabbar's bicycle picnics with Sabih and Joseph Nathan's diligent application to books (especially story books); Jamal saying, "To repeat is the best way to learn;" Saad Midfai, as the champion of the Arabic class; Kemal's fluency in Arabic Grammar; Mr. Bechir saying to Shawket, "Don't be my secretary"; Fouad and his "Yes, very fine, Father;" Victor, our "would-be" philosopher, gazing at the stars; Kussay, as a hard worker and a quiet student; Sata's "Taweel" and "Tamam"; and finally, Ferid, who improved considerably in Oral English during the year.

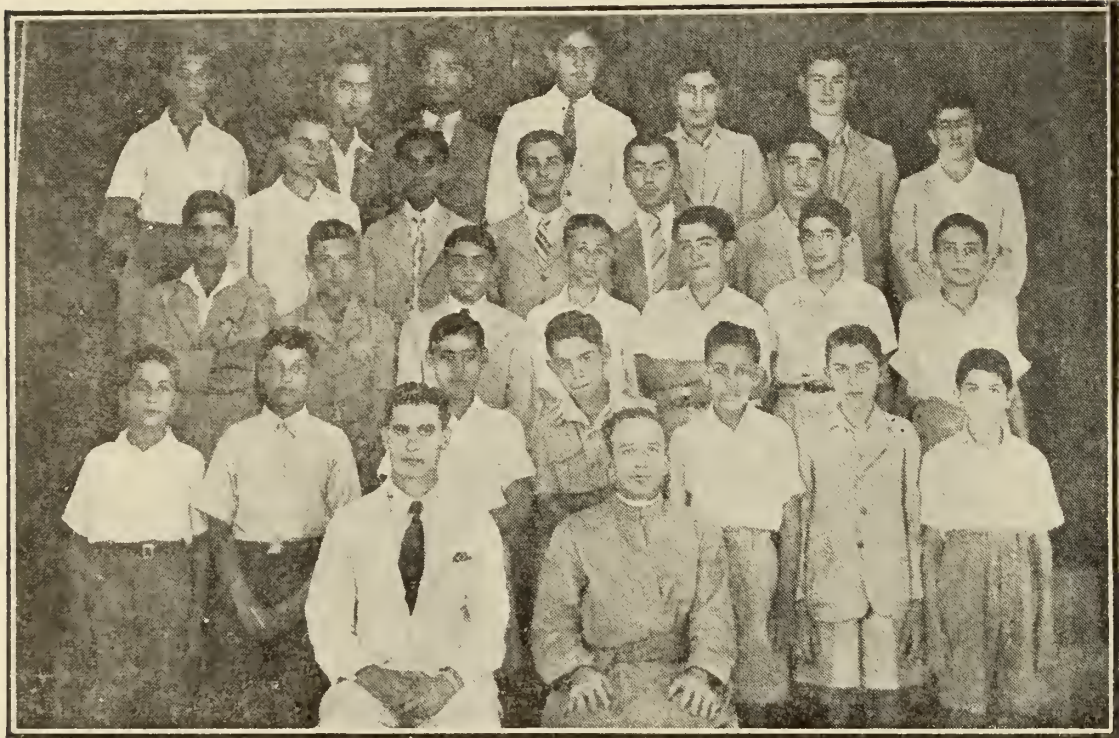
Victor Elias



First High A



First High B



First High C



Corridor.

FIRST HIGH A

Early in October, Baghdad College welcomed the largest First High class in her history. It was our privilege to be members of that class, as we began a long and laborious journey along the paths of knowledge which will lead us, we hope, to the coveted goal of graduation in 1948. The large entering class was divided into three sections, A, B, and C, and each section now provides its own account of the past year.

No one with any inside information can deny that this year First High A has done its best—or worst, you might say—to give Fr. Miff a headache. Ever since the boys first arrived, peculiar occurrences have been taking place within the walls of 1 A which have led your reporter to believe that perhaps a few of the boys have bats in their respective bellfries. Of course, a line must be drawn between plain goofiness and the eccentricity of sheer genius. Take, for instance, Solon Vaos delivering Rierzi's address to the Romans.

Standing up before the class, his face gleaming with the effort, Solon let 'em have it with all the vim and vigor of Demosthenes. His arms flew out like pistons and made hypnotic passes in the air; the artistic spirit of his Greek ancestors came to the top and bubbled forth in a burst of fiery eloquence which must have been heard by the philosophers of Fifth. Above the howls of laughter of the rest of the class came the inspired bellow of Solon the Second, which must be capable of inciting half the oppressed citizens of the world to rebellion.

Combine the brilliance of this rising young orator with the long-winded compositions of Gerald Pearce, the clowning of Vahe, the red hair of Zuzu, the jumping of Douglas Walton, and the singing of Maxime, and you have the most unusual crowd that ever perspired over algebra in one room.

The first month started off with a bang! There was heated rivalry for the class leadership, and Simon Ovinnessian just managed to take first honors from Gerald by seventeen-hundredths of a point! In November, Maxime came to the fore by snatching Simon's hard-earned position from beneath his very nose, and since then the rivalry has had the speed and fury of an attacking spitfire.

In between tearing out our hair over obscure mathematical formulae—cf. Academic Algebra, page 194; whew!!—time has been found to attempt to discover whether Zuhair would fit into Maxime's pocket, whether Akram is as great a clown at home as at school, whether Vahe ever becomes tired from playing, and whether Gerald ever stops whistling. Incidentally, the last-named has not yet got over the embarrassment caused by Robert Ayar starting to play the College Song with his harmonica held the wrong way round, when the two were playing a duet after the Spelling Bee.

In the field of athletic endeavor First High has reason to be well pleased. After a hard-fought battle with Fourth, having beaten all other classes at least once, First had to be content with second place in the class baseball league. We are happy to be able to say that some of the stars on First's team were contributed by 1 A. Vahe, our diminutive center fielder rarely dropped a fly; Maxime had a pleasant habit of striking out the sluggers of Fifth; and Gerald, the captain, made first base a dangerous proposition for the opposing team. In the School Track Meet we were less successful, although two boys from our class, Douglas Walton and Gerald Pearce, managed to collect 85 points for First High. While this was a small start, we are not discouraged, for our athletes give promise of developing into the future "greats" of Baghdad College.

Gerald Pearce

FIRST HIGH B

First High B is a large class and many interesting events have taken place in it since we first came together in Baghdad College last October. Our class boasts of a great number of "stars"—too many, indeed, to tell about here. We could write a book about Joseph Kamo, the Charlie Chaplin of our class. He is never short of words, to say nothing of gestures: his arms must be very strong from all the exercise he has given them trying to get the attention of his teachers. And then there is his friend, Sami Gooley, the joker Shallal. He is always jolly—except when he falls under the wrath of the teacher—and he does seem to care whether the world goes round or not. Frank Thomas whose form and figure remind us of the giant Atlas and whose voice is like the roaring of a caged lion is another of our outstanding classmates. There is also Sami Skender who has answered nine out of every ten questions put to the class. Many others might be mentioned, but we must go on to speak of our activities

We are proud of the record our class has made for the missions. Clement Henry, at first, and then George Azzo seem to have been better orators than Spartacus or Rienzi. Anyway, First B was either on the top or near the top all through the year in contributing to the missions. We hope that this fondness for the missionary and his work will grow among us and ... who knows? But the choice for a future missionary seems to fall equally on several different pairs of shoulders, so we won't name anybody yet.

In games also our class had a wonderful record. Sami Toma, the only medal-wearer of First High, sits in our midst, just behind the mighty Frank. We send a warning now to next year's Third High to keep a good hold on the School Cup. For, led by Sami, we expect to make a much better showing than we did this past year. There is a reason why runners like Thomas Shekoury and Hikmet Metti are racing about the track these hot days! As for baseball, we have plenty of "stars," and after our success this year we are confident of having a powerful team ready for the class league next year.

A memorable feature of the year was our class picnic during the Easter vacation. Singing and dancing to the tune of the "dumbuk," we enjoyed a most pleasant journey by train to Baquba. There we had games and shooting, and we also took a walk through the town. There were countless gardens to visit, but, after being "imshied" out of one which we thought was Nahid Loka's, we did not make a second try. The spoils of the "hunt" were the pigeons which our crack shot, George Azzo, carried triumphantly in one hand, while in the other he held his gun. The storks on the houses of Baquba provided tempting targets, but Fr. Loeffler saw to it that the matter ended there. The return trip was made in a crowded train, but we all reached home safely, much to the relief of our worried prefect.

During the month of May we had a beautiful shrine in our class. The vases were not large enough to hold the many pretty flowers which were brought almost daily and strewn before the feet of Our Lady. The small statue of the Blessed Virgin was contributed by Adil Azaria and was placed against a background of blue, with a halo of gold stars about the head of the Virgin. We hope and pray that we may love and honor Her always, and as we finish our first year at Baghdad College we hope too that Mary will guide us safely through this school and through the school of life.

Desmond Arbuthnot

FIRST HIGH C

Our first evening in the boarding house was a happy one, although we did not know many of the boarders. They came from Baghdad, Basra, Zakho, Mosul, Kut, Kirkuk, Amara, Sulaimania, Azizia, and Dabuk. The second day we went to class and found many other boys there from Baghdad. We did not know any of them, but after about a week and a half we learned their names, and soon we all became friends. In our class, First High C, Adnan is the largest and Kamal is the smallest. The leaders of the class in studies are Ramzi Hermes, Nazar Shemdin, Vackis Darsi, and Nubar Astarjian.

The First High baseball team had only one boy from 1 C. This was Alexander. He played very well in the field, and by batting very far, he hit in many runs. First High was the second best team in the class league.

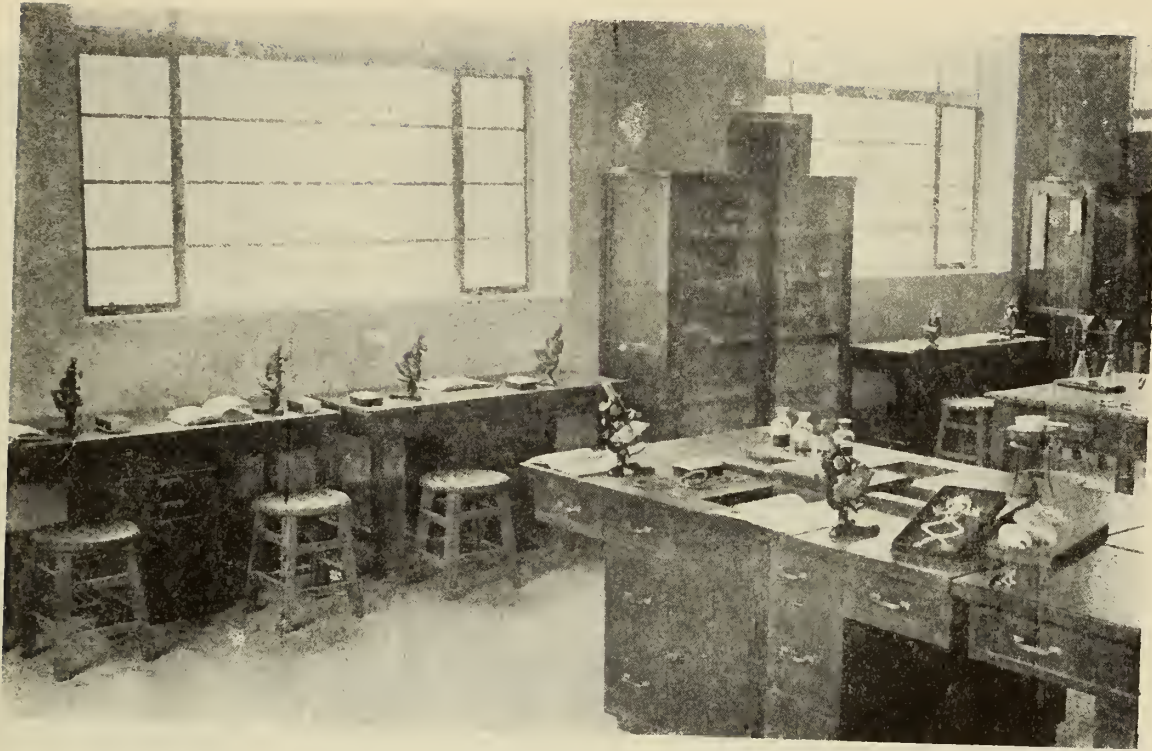
We did not have a basketball team, but we had one in volleyball. We played against the second team of each of the classes of Second and Third High, and we beat them, but then the Easter vacation came, and when we returned to school we did not continue the games.

Now we come to the School Track Meet. There were many boys from First High in the meet, but only a few boys entered from Section C. Faik Audo was first in the high jump in class D, and Ramzi Hermes tied for second place with Jamal Ahmed Agha of Second High. Yerwent Julius won second place in the 100 meters in class C. The best boxers, I think, are Said and Fawzi Saliba who are brothers.

In English and Arabic we have some very good speakers. Alfred Randquist delivers a speech with much force. Kamal is also good in Arabic while Aladdin Bahrani and Faik are the best in delivering speeches in English.

We have been very happy in our first year at Baghdad College, and we wish to express to all the Fathers and Teachers our sincere thanks for their kindness and patience.

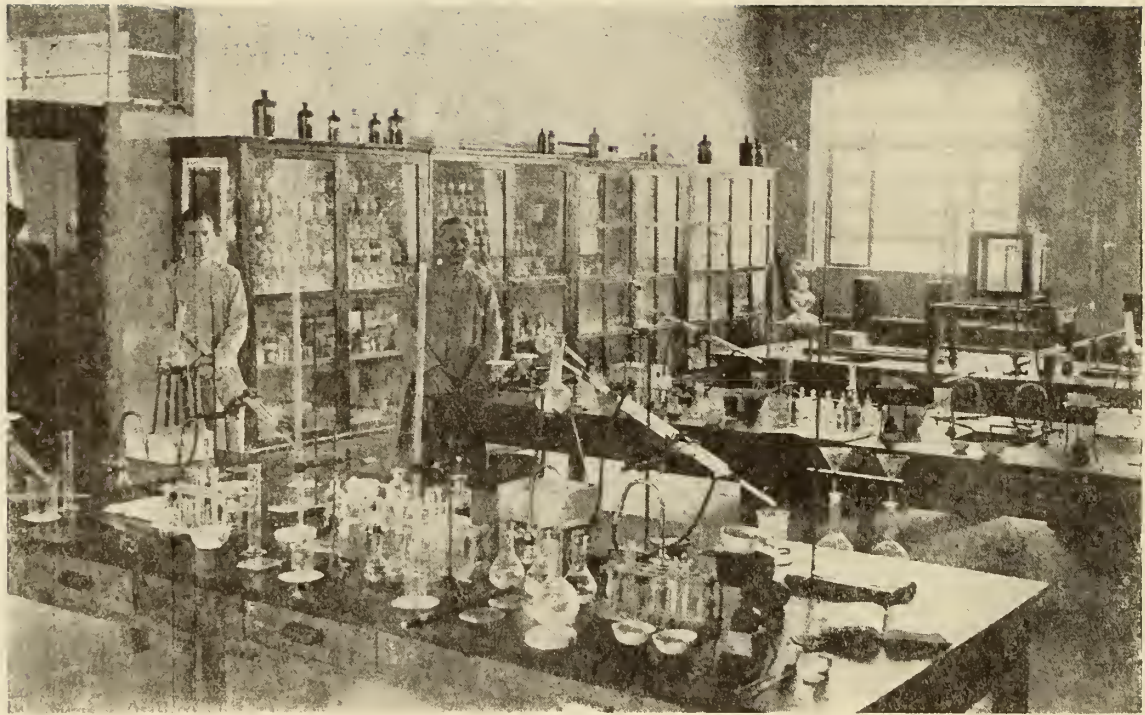
Nubar Astarjian



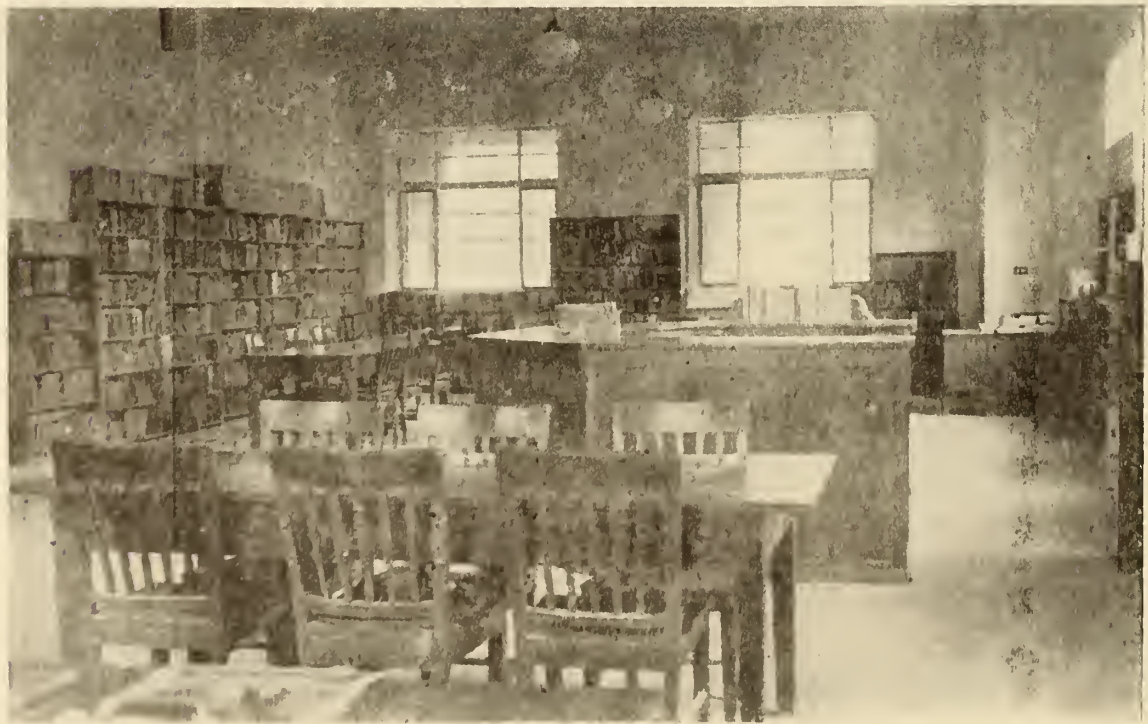
Biology



Physics



Chemistry.



Library.



Sodality.

On Tuesday, October 19, 1943, the Sodality Moderator, called upon them for the election of new officers. The following selection was made:

Prefect—Hikmet Emmanuel

Vice-Prefect—Alfred Paulus

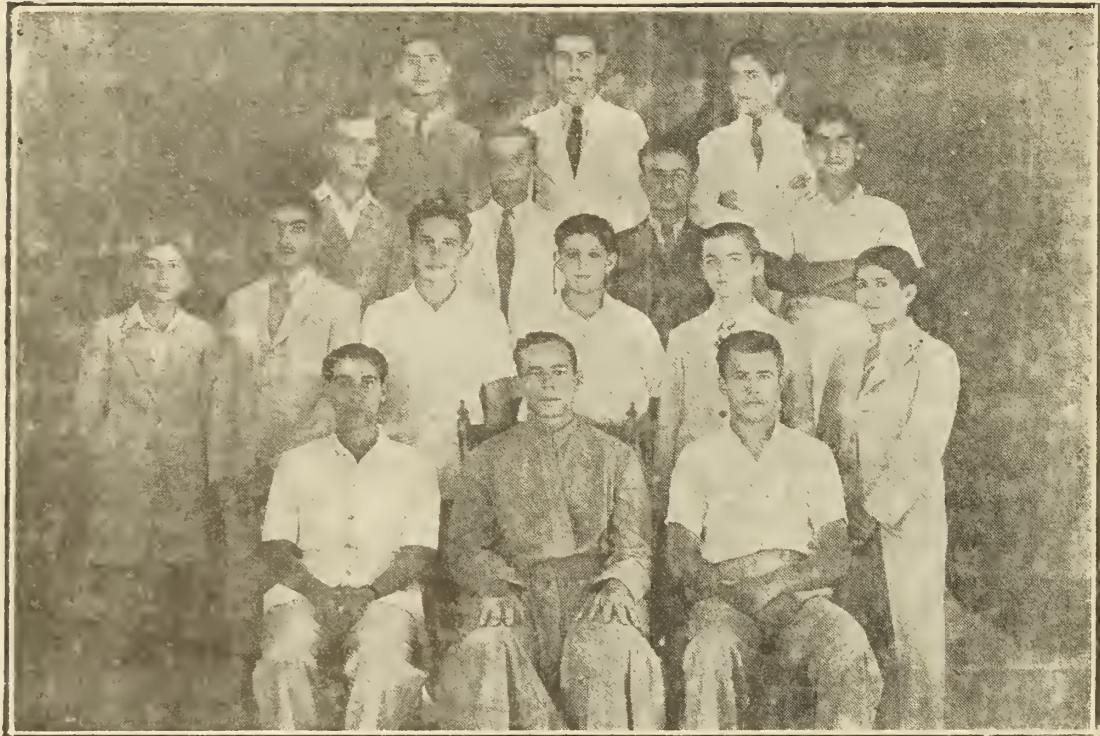
Secretary—Donald Martin

Treasurer—Joseph Rashid

Athletic Representative—Emmanuel Kurkjian

The Sodality, like the rest of the school, felt the effects of this year's transport difficulties. The regular Wednesday meeting was early in the year transferred to Friday noon time. This cut the length of the meeting and the amount of business which could be got through. But it was inevitable. Usually during the meetings the Sodality, besides reciting a portion of the office or some appropriate prayer, discuss selected questions of interest or importance to the members. The general question, various aspects of which were discussed by different members throughout the year, was "Boys and Girls." Among memorable speeches given by Sodality members were Felix Jurgi's on Lent, Joseph Rashid's on Love—the Holy and the Pleasure-Seeking Kinds, and the debate between Hikmet Emmanuel and Donald Martin on the question, "Can Any Boy Fall in Love with Any Girl in the World?" We had the pleasure of hearing, as guest speakers, Frs. Sullivan, MacNeil, and Casey.

The aim of our Sodality, as everyone knows, is to spread devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary through the greatest possible area of the world, and to try to save souls and relieve the poor. This year the Sodality met with great success. Their aid for the poor went well beyond the record of past years. What with the constant collecting done in class, the word "mission" was heard and used this year even more than the word "Father" among the B.C. students. The sum received for the missions amounted to I.D. 113 paid ceremoniously to H.E. the Apostolic Delegate, who kept wondering during our meeting with him how such a sum could be collected from students in a few months. Besides this, the Sodality received I.D. 37, together with quite a lot of used clothing, from shoes to caps, for the relief of the poor. This collection for the poor was distributed just before Christmas Day to the orphanages at Adhamiya, at Bab Shargi, and at Bab esh Shaikh.



Sanctuary Society.

WHAT SHALL I BE ?

I'd like to be a preacher
And blunt the devil's knife;
Or even be a teacher
And teach the way of life.

I'd like to be a doctor,
A host of men I'd save;
Or be a great inventor,
The way for cures I'd pave.

I'd love to be a soldier,
And stand on guard all night.
I'm sure I'd make a sailor,
I'd look so smart in white.

My brain is in confusion,
I don't know which to choose;
So full of great ambition,
I might turn out a goose.

My Jesus, come and help me,
And whisper in my ear
The best way I can serve Thee
And do Thy will down here.

Claude A. Le Merle

Sodality. (Cont'd.)

Transport troubles considerably cut down on the spiritual program, but the Eucharistic Section, which this year included the whole Sodality, did splendid work in notifying the alumni each month about the First Friday Mass. On the Feast of the Boy Saints, Messrs. Hikmet Emmanuel, Donald Martin, Emmanuel Kurkjian, Felix Jurgi, and Edmond Naser presented an informative program on "Saints." Work was begun, which can, we hope, be continued, on the translation of some spiritual pamphlets into Arabic. During Lent, special prayers were recited at each meeting in reparation for sacrileges committed against the Blessed Sacrament during the present war.

Thus, at the end of the year, we lay this offering happily at Our Lady's feet, and as Sodalists we look for new and greater occasions to labor in her service,

Joseph Rashid, 41

ATHLETICS.

Never before has there been such an abundance of athletes at B. C. Never before has B. C. distinguished herself so highly on the field of sport. There were not only two or three champions in certain events and games, but a number of good athletes in practically every department. And hence the honor of bringing glory to the Green and Maroon does not go to the highest point-getters alone, but also to the smaller yet vital members of our teams. It was cooperative teamwork that made this such a successful year in Baghdad College athletic history.

Great excitement was caused during the year when Joseph Georgie, the school's veteran, was selected to represent Iraq in her Syrian-Lebanese basketball tour. Yet, throughout the year, on the baseball field or on the track, on the basketball or the volleyball courts, our great concern was, "Would we win the Government Track Meet?" Fr. Sheehan, the director of sports, took a keen interest in anything relating to track. He did all in his power to give us everything we needed, even to the extent of having the carpenter make a whole set of hurdles, that more boys might have an opportunity to practice.

In the Class Tournaments, Fourth High won the volleyball and the baseball leagues, but only after having overcome stiff opposition. First High merits honourable mention and hearty congratulations for the game fight she put up in baseball. She has a number of promising young stars who are certain to give a good account of themselves in days to come. Vahe, for example, though merely a beginner, nearly outdid Claude in his collection of spine-tingling catches.

The School Track Meet was, as usual, a gala occasion. There was keen rivalry all the way through and the issue was not definitely decided until towards the very end of the meet. First place finally went to Second High's weight of numbers, with Fifth High's brawn close on her heels. The winners produced a numerous brood of dark horses. Peter Atchoo in the sprints, Ghanim Razzuki in the pole vault, Shawket Killer in the 800 meters, and Shakir Al Badir in the 400 meters were the outstanding ones. With these and many other young hopefuls to rely upon, Baghdad College can well afford to look towards future years with a satisfied smile.

The Government Track Meet was held this year on Tuesday, April 4th. The day itself was ideal, and the stands of the Scout's Field were taxed to capacity with enthusiastic spectators.

H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Regent, along with many other notables, honored the occasion with their presence. At first, everything seemed to go wrong with us—our tents, the sun, our marching, until...crack! Foufou's bullet start.. his 70 meter a-lion-is-chasing-me sprint.. his breasting the tape unchallenged.. the 5 points going up to our credit...and we were put in mind of the task ahead! We braced our shoulders and went into fight for B. C., determined to come back with our shields or on them

Event followed event, and in each one the Green and Maroon colors were conspicuous. Claud's 1,2,3, over; 1,2,3, over, in the hurdles brought him within the shadow of the mighty Nejm. As the afternoon wore on, the B. C. athletes covered themselves and their Alma Mater with glory, and cheer after cheer rang out from the admiring onlookers. Even before the final points were totalled, it was evident that Fr. Sheehan's work had not been in vain. The King's Cup had at last come to its rightful possessor, BAGHDAD COLLEGE. The following summary tells the story of our victory:

100 meters	Foufou	First
200 meters	Ahmed	Second
400 meters	Shakir	Third
800 meters	George Y.	Third
1500 meters	George Y.	Fourth
High jump	Claude	First
Broad jump	Claude	First
Pole vault	Foufou	Second
Hurdles	Claude	First
Shot put	Edward T.	Second
Ball throw	Foufou	Fourth

The last and the most thrilling event of the afternoon was the relay race. Our team, composed of Foufou, Ahmed, Shakir, and Claude, excelled itself and brought another cup to B. C. We came in with a 30 meter lead to set a new Iraqi record of 1:39.

To celebrate our double triumph a victory parade was speedily organized, Mr. Ford's busses were never given a better road test than the one to which they were subjected on that evening of the 4th of April. Loaded with a crowd of boys suddenly gone mad with joy, they made the journey safely (almost) through the center of Baghdad, on to Karradah, and back. Then, in the middle of the city, the busses came to a stop, and the evening skies were pierced with the enthusiastic cheers of the B.C. rooters. The singing of the school song concluded the victory parade, and the boys turned towards home, weary and hoarse, but elated over the glorious triumph of the Green and Maroon of Baghdad College.

In basketball also, this has been a banner year for B.C. With its flashy passing attack and its well-nigh impregnable defence, the team ran up a string of victories early in the season and made its name one to be respected throughout Baghdad. The speed and accuracy of Bedi Atchoo and Foufou at forward, the shiftiness of Claude at center, and the stalwart defence of John Metti and Petrine at guard formed a combination that was hard to beat. Besides, we had capable substitutes in George Yusuf, Emmannel Kurkjian, George Bakose, and Louis Raffouli. After our victories over Secondary School teams, some practice games were arranged with the team representing the Physical Training Institute. Though we were unable to defeat this strong aggregation of older and more experienced players, we gave them some hard battles and succeeded in keeping the score quite close.

For various reasons the Government Basketball Tournament was postponed this year till rather late in the season. When it was announced that American rules were to be followed, we counted this a point in our favor, as we had been using them in our practice sessions. The tournament began and the Marquesia, American, and

Risafa Schools fell under our fast, powerful attack, and then... the finals! Excitement was high at B.C., and there was enthusiastic talk about adding another cup to our collection. The team trained rigorously for this contest, even though the weather had become quite warm, and on April 25th we met Karkh on her home court. Our passes were just as fast and just as accurate as ever, and we attacked time and again. But Karkh was the better team and their defence, coupled with our poor shooting, proved our defeat. They led at half-time 26-17, but towards the end of the second half a succession of brilliant shots put them safely ahead of us, and we lost the game and the championship by the score of 52 to 31.

Though this was a bitter disappointment B.C. has every reason to be proud of the fine showing made by her team in this final contest. In spite of this defeat, the glorious record of the past season remains. It has brought the Green and Maroon into a place of prominence in the basketball world of Baghdad, and we may be confident that B.C. will rise to even greater heights next year.

Claude A. Le Merle

School Song.

With a shout, with a song
 We will cheer the boys along,
 Under banners of Green and Maroon!
 While we do, while we dare,
 Proudly waving everywhere
 Are the banners of Green and Maroon!

So it's High, High, High!
 Always B.C. High!
 Singing our glad merry tune,
 And we'll cheer B.C.
 On to victory,
 Under banners of Green and Maroon!



Baghdad College Track Team.
Secondary School Champions, 1944.



Bahgdad College Relay Team.
Secondary School Champions, 1944



Baghdad College Basketball Team.



Second High Track Team.
School Champions.

Scoop!

By *Gerald Pearce*, '48

With his breath coming in short, sharp gasps, Cannon straightened and stood up. After the mad half-minute preceding, the whole desolate country had taken on the stillness of a tomb. But for the sound of heavy breathing, utter silence reigned supreme.

The events of the last thirty seconds, from the time when the blinding beam of a powerful flashlight had smitten the crouching figure in the eyes till the newcomer had finally crumpled to the ground, were blurred and uncertain in Cannon's mind. But his fingers twitched and he still could feel them clamped vise-like about his unknown adversary's neck. With savage, exultant satisfaction he stared vindictively at the man lying in a crumpled heap at his feet.

The man was clad almost solely in blue serge, but his profession it was impossible to guess. Men wandering alone, far from visible signs of human habitation, often carried firearms. The weight of the dead unknown's automatic pistol gave Cannon a sense of security. Then, a slow realization came to him. He turned and ran.

Quite heedless of sound and totally deaf to the crash and noise as he forced his way forward recklessly through the occasional bushes and undergrowth, the fugitive Cannon stumbled on. His brain was in a whirl. Get away! He had to get away—away from the haunts of man, from the rank civilization which had branded him a criminal! To his mind's eye came a picture of the swindling, money-crazed being whom he had once called "friend" ... Kuhlmann, as he had last seen him in the court-room, narrow-eyed, self-satisfied, satanic ...

The diabolical ingenuity with which Kuhlmann had framed him and finally succeeded in having him removed from his position and imprisoned filled Cannon with a kind of helpless rage. Since his escape five hours before, half-formulated plans had begun to take definite shape in his mind, plans of vengeance, plans of death...

And then, with easy escape assured, he had been discovered. Even now he could feel his fingers wrapping themselves about the guard's throat and forming into a ring of murderous steel. He lived again those horrible moments when the two had swayed drunkenly in the gloomy darkness of the corridor, saw again those wild, staring eyes, and then a limp form had thudded to the floor. What had occurred next he did not know. But now he was free!

Suddenly he paused, and frowned. Ahead of him, a black silhouette against the sky, a big rambling building came into view. Cannon approached cautiously. Not a light was visible. Disregarding the unkept, overgrown path leading up to the building, he moved along from one side.

Carefully, fully aware of the inevitable result should the house prove to be inhabited, he made his way cautiously to the left wing. A sudden biting wind cut through his clothing and sent a moan echoing through the building. From the rear came an irregular, thudding sound. He moved towards it.

Bathed in the pale, unearthly light of the moon, what once must have been a backyard and orchard was revealed, overgrown and choked with the weeds of half a century, rolling down to the black rocky terrain across which he had been traveling. A door was swinging loosely as the wind caught it. Cannon allowed a flashlight beam to play for a moment on the interior and then he stepped in.

The corridor in which he found himself was damp. Uneven flagstones paved the floor, and from somewhere a chill wind was blowing. Again came that disturbing moaning. He moved forward, suddenly aware that his heart was not beating normally. His straining ears caught a faint, barely discernible sound.

A cold, paralyzing hand seemed to clutch the crouching Cannon's breast. There was an icy sensation at the nape of his neck. Ahead, somewhere in the impenetrable darkness before him, someone — something — had moved..! Clammy, fumbling fingers searched in his pocket for the automatic, while a damp hand pushed back the hair from his forehead, a hand grown cold with stark fear, fear of the unknown...! Uncertainly he pushed forward. With no set direction he groped his way, turned left, and saw a light.

He found himself in a kind of hall. Pale, spectral moonlight flooded through a broken half-shuttered window. The room was high and raftered, and he saw that the timbers were rotten with age. Several clumsy pieces of furniture, covered with the undisturbed dust of past decades, were strewn over the floor. Cobwebs spanned the gaps between the rafters. Cold, ghostly light invaded the place. The very air seemed charged with death.

Cannon glanced over his shoulder apprehensively, his ears strained to catch the faintest sound. Heavy, grave-like silence held the building. Apart from the yellow moonbeams, the darkness was that of a tomb. A tomb! Cannon shuddered. And in this tomb he swore something had moved.

A sudden violent crash, the sound of running footsteps, a fleeting glimpse of a retreating figure.. Cannon's right arm jerked. Crack! A pencil of flame stabbed the shadows; a sudden detonation awakened the echoes, seeming to ring back at him mockingly. For in that brief, momentary glance he had made out the blue-clad figure of a man!

A man in blue! His memory flew back to that lonely spot not three miles away where a man lay dead, where a primitive hand-to-hand battle to the death had taken place. In his mind he could see the contorted features, graying hair, and dark blue clothes..His mind raced, dread superstitions of a bygone age of shadows whirling in his brain, superstitions of stalking spectres in this house of shadows...

With his heart pounding a wild tattoo against his ribs, he strained his eyes vainly in an attempt to pierce the all-enveloping black shadows. He trained his automatic upon the patch of moonlight where he had glimpsed the man in blue. Then—his spine crawled. A hand clutching a glittering weapon, followed by an arm... He jerked the trigger violently. Echoing and re-echoing detonations ran into each other like a thunderclap. A click. The gun was empty.

With a choking gasp Cannon crumpled to the floor.

In the small, brightly lit room a telephone bell rang shrilly. The lean individual at the desk lifted the receiver. "Standish of the Times," he said crisply.

"Hello, Standish." The decisive accents of his friend Charles of the Homicide Bureau came clearly over the wire. "I've got some dope for you—front page crime sensation. Remember John Cannon, the guy we put away six months back?"

"Sure."

"He cut loose again and died of heart failure when a couple of patrolmen closed in on him in an empty house last night. A search was being made in connection with the death of a farmer when...."

"But how did Cannon get there?"

"He broke away from the mental asylum and killed an attendant thirty-six hours ago. Come around and get the details."

"Right!" Standish reached for his hat. "Thanks for the tip."

The Epistle of a Pseudo-Pessimist

By Aram Seropian, '45

The streets are empty save for dogs. Squadrons of roaring vultures, loaded with deadly explosives, are hovering overhead. The dreadful siren is howling, and the entire population of Utopia is racing to underground shelters. Five thousand feet up, the aviator makes his calculations, notes his speed, allows for drift, checks his course, and snaps a switch. A hatch opens and gigantic, deadly bombs stream downward, faster and faster... like darts.. like lightning! A fretting whistle heralds the commencement of the doom day of civilization. Then, with a din like a blast from hell, whole houses leap into the air, and an ocean of flame swallows terror-stricken people. The countryside becomes a vast, tumbling mass of wreckage, a lava of bricks, steel, and deformed fragments of human bodies poured out over the earth. The adventurous bomber has struck his target and with full speed dashes for home. The crew with throbbing hearts are still tense with excitement. Another daring exploit has been achieved for humanity and civilization!

This is the scene unceasingly acted today on the bloody stages of the world. The directors of this horrible tragedy, the men who are responsible for its continued renewal and who daily send forth fresh troupes of actors are undoubtedly students of science, culture and progress. But by a logic based on exaggerated and distorted notions of patriotism they have darkened their intellects with a false philosophy and are able to offer ready justifications for their inhuman malevolence.

If in their golden days these credulous students were to hear any such objection as this, that they were leaving only destruction in their wake, they would protest strongly, and frenzied supporters would instantly leap to their aid. In no time, the black defenders of "Justice," the foppish members of the "Round Tables," the bribed masters of the press would proclaim anyone who disagreed with their views a traitor to humanity. Yes! You must leave them alone, free to act, as long as it is according to the black and white files of the legislature.

The honourable promoters of civilisation must suppress all medieval agitators in order that their own disciples may undergo atheistical but civilized and up-to-date training. The new generation must advance in materialism to be the perfect men of the future and to gamble with the fate of

all humanity. They must be brought up with the hope that they may open new industrial fields, that they may have deadly wisdom to be able to change peace-time objects and pursuits into death-dealing war equipment. The whole so-called enlightened world is to produce masters in the field of civilization, that when the zero hour approaches each one may turn out skillful and bold butchers, as savage as wild aborigines and as bloody as enraged barbarians. This is the modern program concocted by malicious moulders!

If narrow-minded, old-fashioned conservatives instinctively cry out in the very face of these tolerant and modernized cultivators, "It is not enough to teach material welfare and purely natural aims; you ought to instil faith into the hearts of the young; you ought to bring them up also by divine teachings;"—if such be the complaint lodged against them, then these disciples of progress disfigure their countenances with anger, take a dozen aspirin, and advise their critics to keep quiet or else be banished to concentration camps and asylums. If you persist and appeal your case to the impartial students of life, they hesitate, scratch their heads discomfortedly, and implore you not to arouse their conscience from its dormant state.

All the same, no matter how things are juggled, the truth behind these evasions shines like the sun behind a stormy day. That truth unceasingly stimulates our conscience and whispers, "The planters of modern civilization have never harvested but cockle. They have buried the world under ashes and chaos." This does not imply that modern planters have sown only cockle and no wheat, and that consequently millstones should be hung from their necks and they themselves be thrown into the depths of the sea. No. They have primarily planted wheat; naturally, then, wheat and cockle have grown up together. But (and here is summed up the whole human catastrophe), blinded by pride and excessive self-confidence, they have deliberately closed their eyes and harvested a mixture of good and evil. Later, because of their tendencies to wickedness, the evil has conquered the planters and their activities.

An investigation of their failure inescapably manifests the lack of an essential element in their deeds, and that element is the collaboration of the supernatural with the natural. They attempt to come to perfection by easy and dependent natural laws, not bearing in mind that the One who created this world insisted that life could be brought to perfection only by the collaboration of the supernatural and the natural, by the co-operation of Church and State, by the balanced combination of worship and pleasure. The Almighty

taught us this essential union by example: He sent His Divine Son to rule the universe by supernatural and natural tenets.

To test the validity of this view, ask your brothers on the boundaries of no-man's land, and I am convinced they will confirm the truth that food and bullets are not sufficient to enable them to carry on their work. They need deep faith, patient hope, and selfless love—which are the firstlings of the Divine. The lack of the supernatural in our plans is the reason why we meet with but temporary success and sad disappointments when we strive for perfection. This is why it takes us twenty years to build up a beautiful world and another twenty years to sweep away its smouldering debris. Why do we not learn from our tragic mistakes?

All is not yet lost beyond repair. Let us look forward with an immense hope that the good seeds of our civilization will fructify, that soon these sufferings and disappointments will come to an end, and a permanent peace cool down and soothe the agitated mind of the world. We may be confident that this will come to pass if in the future the planters of civilization work hand in hand with the planters of faith. For then, on the basis of divine and natural laws, they will raise up out of these present ruins a happy world for the new generation in the days to come.



From Childhood to Manhood

By Edmond Elowe, '46

The world around us with all its plants and animals may be said to be filled with life. This life, as people commonly and simply understand it, is some kind of impulse or energy through the organs of animals and plants which makes them capable of moving, eating, growing, and reproducing their kind. This impulse is communicated at birth, and from it flow a series of vital activities up to the moment of death. It is a principle found in all living beings, but it is more clearly manifested in animals than in plants.

A human being is brought into existence in a small, tiny form that seems to have no function or capacity except that of crying and eating. But as the years pass by, this tiny figure is obliged to obey the natural rules that press it to grow, speak, work, think, and especially to be loaded with

responsibilities. After infancy comes childhood, then youth and manhood, and finally old age. In each stage of life the human being has a different manner of living and acting and various kinds of functions.

In the stage of infancy the baby is attached very closely to his mother. He needs nothing from the whole wide world more than the care and compassion of his mother. The mother, then, in this formative period of life, plays an extremely important part; hers is a sacred trust. In his early years the child's mind is opened by the teachings of his mother. He is taught his language and he is instructed in some simple notions which serve as a sound foundation for his future character.

After some few years, the child is sent to a primary school where he is to receive his first courses of formal education. These courses are quite elementary and are adapted to his small mind which will be gradually developed. In this stage the child is first subjected to influences other than those of the home, and, having friends and companions to play with, he comes to spend more time away from his mother.

A few years later the child is a boy. He almost forgets the past and rarely thinks of it. But the thing which is quite obvious in this portion of life is the great change in his manner of living, a change which he feels and notices himself. He develops the power to think and to reason, although his thoughts and judgements are sometimes very immature. He notices the increase of his work and responsibility, and in addition to this he finds himself bound to sacrifice a good deal of the time he formerly devoted to rest.

As he advances in age, he advances also in wisdom and ability. He then enters upon another period of life, that of a young man. A youth has aims and ideas different from those of children and boys. He is greatly altered, physically and mentally. His manners are no longer boyish and his views of the future are not childish or superficial. He feels the load of responsibility upon his back and the yoke of hardship upon his shoulders.

A young man comes face to face with many of the difficulties and trials of life. He has to fight hard to cut his way through the obstacles that may hinder his advance towards the goals he has set before himself. This part or stage of life, then, is recognized as a period of struggle. Moreover, a young man has to conquer his lower desires and he has to work persistently to acquire self-control. For the age of youth is the age of temptations

and of sweet but empty dreams, which, if followed, may lead to ruin and destruction. The young man strives to replace the animal cravings of his nature with lofty desires which will guide him in the path of a noble life.

After buffeting the tempestuous waves of youth and reaching the shores of manhood safely, his elders will then smile upon him and congratulate him for his bravery, his determined will, and his strong character. The sun of life and energy rises in him, and he really feels himself to be victorious and triumphant over an enemy that once seemed unconquerable. He begins now to lead the life of a man. With a firm purpose he seeks a profession or a business that will support him and his needs. For he is no longer a child with his mother to clothe, feed and care for him; he may even be called upon to help his parents, if they need his assistance. He settles down now and faces life with a greater feeling of security. We should not, however, think of manhood as a period free from all anxieties and troubles. It will be pleasant indeed, if the time of youth was correctly lived and devoted to the formation of solid character. Yet it can be much more difficult than youth, if this was poorly spent in heedlessness and mere amusement. As one sows, so will be reaped.

This is a brief picture of development, from a tiny, inactive human being to a strong, capable man. The body in its own form grew bigger, while many physical changes took place. But the important transformation was that of the mind, which from a hidden, untrained faculty grew into a disciplined, well-informed intellect, with limitless powers of benefiting both the person himself and mankind as a whole. And coupled with this growth of the intellect was a corresponding strengthening of the will, enabling the child who has become a man to meet his responsibilities honestly and to perform his duties faithfully, for such is the requirement of true manhood.

Reverie by the Tigris

By Boghos Boghossian, '47

It was evening. Beneath the blue sky the broad, burning face of the sun rested high up on the other side of the river... the water was all aflame.. the calm Tigris glided along smoothly with a low, sweet murmur that broke the deep silence all around. As the golden rays of the igneous sun were reflected in the limpid water, they brought forth the various hues of the rainbow which glowed through its glassy bosom. But the time was gliding by as if drifted along by the sweet, melodious current, and the sun made his way down to the blue west like a monarch descending from his majestic throne. His burning visage was fainting and his flaming rays were weakening. The azure horizon took on a ruddy glow as the sun approached it, until he sank partially into its ample bosom.

Departure farewell deadly, mournful moments. The spreading lawns and grassy plots lying on the banks were lit for the last time, as well as the green knolls covered with tender herbage. All nature was mourning the departure of his unquenchable gift and they bade him farewell. Soon the sun was throughly hidden behind the western horizon. For a few seconds there was a ghostly silence as though the sun had taken away with him the jocund gaiety, and a melancholy influence seemed to hang over the scene. Now it was twilight, yet night was gradually advancing.

The weather began to cool and a dismal, moaning wind blew, shaking the trees which had already thrown their long shadows over the banks of the river.

In the meantime the smooth, gentle water was entirely metamorphosed into a swift, rushing torrent. The rustling of the leaves and the splashing of the water which was trickling through the chinks in the stones of the low dams on the shore, like a voice half-sobbing and half-laughing, aroused a train of thoughts in my mind. For my eyes, fixed on this scene, could plainly see a wonderful work that was not of this world, far, far from it a work of the Supreme Being. Was it not the work of the Lord that this river should flow through this country of ours and drench millions of thirsty throats and thousands of fields? The Tigris was but a precious gift of God, besides His thousands of others. I could contain myself no more . . . a spring of love gushed forth from my heart and I blessed these gifts as I praised the Lord.

While I was absorbed by these thoughts, feelings, and dreams of mine, night had come and the moon had risen high up above, her large circle quenching star after star while her kindling light was lifted up among the barred clouds. And through the light and shadow the waves were combing themselves out in sheets of woolly foam, rolling shoreward with a low, rich sound of whispered thunder. Still I was fixed to my place beneath the branches of a large tree standing on the shore, lost in my visions, as a small bark swinging in the stormy ocean.

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- (١) ان المبالغ المودعة في صندوق توفير البريد غير قابلة للحجز لحد ١٠٠ دينار
 - (٢) تدفع فائدة مركبة قدرها ٣ بالمائة عن المبالغ المودعة في صندوق توفير البريد
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الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي



الانسان لا ينفعه الا العمل الصالح في هذه الحياة القصيرة ، فاذا سينفعه لو ربح العالم كله وخسر نفسه ، فما المال والغنى والجاه الا أعراض زائلة لا يدبغى التعلق بها ولا الانهماك فيها . اعود فاقول : أن الله خلقنا

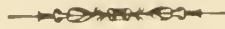
— تمة مقال الصفحة التامة —

فائدة عظيمة تذكر فنشكر على عمر السنين .
وانه ليسرني غابة السرور ان نتاح لي مثل هذه الفرصة فاكتب في مثل هذا الموضوع الخطير لاذكر الاديب بان ينادي قائلاً اني لا اريد ان اعيش على هامش الحياة بل اريد ان اوذي الرسالة الخطيرة الملقاة على عاتقي . هذه رسالة الكاتب العراقي اليوم وذلك واجبه تجاه الادب العربي .

توفيق صابونجي

الطالب في الصف الرابع الاعدادي

الفنون الجميلة (كالرسم والنحت والموسيقى) وانه حقاً لفن رفيع قائم بنفسه اكثر مما يكون علماً ذا قواعد واصول . ومن الطرق التي يمكن ان تجدي نفعاً في انهاض الادب العراقي هي المسابقات الادبية والجوائز السنوية التي تعني الحكومة بوضعها فتقدر الكاتب تقديراً لاثقاً يكفيه مؤونة الحياة ويبعده عن مزاوله صناعة او خدمة اخرى ليؤمن بها حاجته الحيوية ويتابر على صناعة الادب ولربما يكون له القدر المعلى بين اقرانه ومواطنيه وبفيد الامة والوطن والادب



الرياضة البدنية

الرياضة البدنية هي تلك الايام القلائل التي يقضيها الصف الخامس مرة في السنة منقطعاً الى الله تعالى متجهاً نحوه مفكراً فيه متبصراً في هذا الكون العجيب الذي خلقه الله فاحسن خلقه متأملاً في هذا الانسان الذي يملك العقل المفكر والفكر المادي والنفس الحية فالانسان محتاج الى هذه الرياضة الروحية كما هو محتاج الى الرياضة البدنية بل مضطر الى اويقات يتخلو فيها الى نفسه وبفكر في هدوء وطمأنينة فيما حوله من المخلوقات والعلاقات التي تربط هذه الاشياء بيهضها . فلماذا نحن نعيش ولماذا خلقنا الله ؟ وما الغاية التي من أجلها ، وما غاية العالم بل ما غاية الانسان من حياته . وكيف وجد هذا الكون ومن صانعه ومبدعه وهل وجد عبثاً وبغير غاية أم وجد لغاية اسمى يسير لتحقيقها ويمجد للتقرب منها . كل هذه وغيرها اسئلة تتردد في خاطر كل انسان اذا ما خلا الى نفسه ، وانغمر في جو من الهدوء يوفر عليه راحة الفكر وسكون النفس والالتفات اليها والتفكير فيما صنعت ، وهل عملت صالحاً أم أنها اقترفت خطأ وار تكبت جرماً . وعندئذ يفكر الانسان بذنبه وهو يتجه الى الله في تفكيره وتأمله وصلاته .

فالانسان في مثل هذه الاوقات التي يقضيها في

التفكير في الله وفي نفسه بشعر بان غشاوة كانت تظلل عينيه قد انجلت فأخذ يرى الاشياء على حقيقتها ، فيبدو له كأن قيم هذه الاشياء قد تغيرت فبينما كان يرى ضعيفاً وبفكر يضيق أذبه يرى الوجود سعة وشمول وبفكر فيه تفكيراً واضحاً رزينا فيعود الى ما كان يعده خالداً فاذا به عرض فان وظل زائل ولون حائل فتأخذ العبرة ويعود الى رشاده ويشوب صوابه ، وبذلك يكون قد تقدم خطوات بعيدة في الناحية الروحية التي نحن في أشد الحاجة الى ان نسير بها قدما فنرقبها ونهذبها ونعلي من شأنها لأن خلاصنا من شرور هذا العالم منوط بها فما هذه الحروب الطاحنة التي هي مظهر للشر الانساني إلا نتيجة ظلام الروح وتأخرها وعدم السمو بها عن ماديات الحياة واعراضها الفانية

وأن أنس لا أنس تلك الايام السعيدة التي قضيتها ورفاقي في بنابة القسم الداخلي في هدوء وسكون شامل متجهين نحو الله مفكرين في عظمته ورحمته وفي هذا الكون العجيب الذي نحن جزء صغير منه ، تلك الايام كنا نستمتع فيها الى تعاليم الأب مكارتي ومواعظه وارشادته وحكمه الثمينة واقواله العظيمة الذي ارشدنا الى ان خلاص الانسان لا يكون بخلاص جسمه الفاني وإنما بخلاص روحه الخالدة . فان

يوم نصرنا

حتى اخذوا يستقبلون ابطال مدرستهم من منتصف الساحة ويكيلون لهم عبارات التهاني . واخيراً بدأ سباق البريد وهو آخر السباقات وله كأس خاصة فهلعت القلوب وشخصت الابصار فقام حوزيف حرجي (فوفو) احد منتخبي مدارس بغداد الالاماب الرياضية بخلف الراكضين وراءه بضعه امتار ثم اعقبه الطالب احمد الرديني فزاد المسافة بعداً وكذلك شاكر عبدالرحمن البدر حتى اذا قام كلود لومرل الذي كان قد ربح حتى ذلك الوقت خمس عشرة نقطة لمدرسته فسجل رقماً قياسياً وحقق الفوز المبين .

وهنا يعلن المذيع اسماء الفائزين فاذا بكلية بغداد مدرستنا المحبوبة ذات الشعار الاحمر والاخضر تنال الجائزة الاولى وهي كأس جلالة الملك المعظم كما تنال كأس صاحب السعادة السفير البريطاني .

خرج طلاب كلية بغداد وقلوبهم ترفص في صدورهم والارض لا تكاد تهمهم من شدة فرحهم وهم يحملون اطالهم . ويقطعون شارع الرشيد بمظاهرة رائعة ينشدون نشيد السكينة ويهتفون بحياة جلالة الملك وسمو الوصي و كلية بغداد . فسيري ايتمها السكينة المباركة بأبطالك النجباء دائماً الى الامام الى الامام .

نذير امين قيردار

الطالب في الصف الثالث المتوسط

عندما كانت المدارس في منطقة بغداد تنهياً لتلك المباراة الرياضية التي ستقام مساء اليوم الرابع من نيسان ١٩٤٤ تحت رعاية سمو الوصي وولي العهد المعظم كانت هنالك في شمالي بغداد وفي ضاحية الصليبخ مدرسة تعمل في صمت وتداب في نشاط وتناهب بلا كل .

فاذا حل يوم الحفل وحضرت المدارس الى الملعب تعرض ثمرات الاعابها حلس الطلاب في خيامهم المنصوبة ينتظرون بتلوب خافقة لساعة الفاصلة الرائعة التي انتظروها اياماً وتاهبوا من حلها اشراً و كآ بين تلك المدارس مدرسة يرفرف فوق خيمتها علم مزدوج اللون من الاحمر والاخضر .

وبعد قليل شرف الساحة صاحب الجلالة الملك المفدى وصاحب السمو الوصي وولي العهد المعظم فاعلن بدء الاحتفال واستعراض المدارس و كانت كل مدرسة تتألف من خمسين أو ستين طالباً او اكثر وعلى كل مدرسة علمها يرفرف خفاقاً . وفي الاخير مرت طلاب كلية بغداد بتواضع في غير خور وهدوء في غير طيش امام المقصورة الملكية في زمه وأطمئنان .

بدأ السباق وصارت النقاط الرجمة تخط بجانب كل مدرسة . وكانت هناك مدرسة اخذت نقاطها ترتفع وترتفع وتتخفق قلوب طلابها وتتعالى هتافاتهم

على ابواب فجر السلام

كأنها معنى الازهار ورمزاً لجمالها وهي تنهادى بقدها
المياس وشعرها الذهبي المسدول على كتفيها كأنه سنابل
المقمح المصفر ، فرمقني بعينيها الزرقاوين كأنهما سرفقا
من اسماء العراق الزرقاء الصافية رمقاً صعقني لروئيتها ،
فغمرني حلم جميل عندما شعرت برائحها الزكية الطيبة
فصحت بها . . . من انت يا ذات البسمات الطلقة ،
من انت يا ذات الجمال الفتان ، بالله عليك من انت ،
فقد عبثت بقلبي وملأته حسرة ولوعة .

دنت مني نلاطفني قائلة . . . انا . . . انا التي
سوف ارفع عنكم هذا الكابوس الاصود ، الكابوس
المزعج الخفيف الذي خيم فوق دنياكم وتمكن من
التغلب على اربع مضت من اخواتي . . . انا التي سأرجع
لكم السعادة بعد الشقاء والرخاء بعد الشدة والحب بعد
البغض . . . انا التي سأغلب على كابوسكم هذا وانتقم
منه لاخواتي الاربع السابقات فيكتب اسمي بحروف
نارية عند كل البشر ويبقى خالداً الى ابد الزمان انا . . .
لوي تعرف من انا . . .

انا . . . انا . . . نهاية الحرب الهائلة . انا السنة
الجديدة . انا فجر السلام .

البير موسى

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

هنالك حبث الغابات الكشيفة التي تدخل
الرهبنة في القلوب ، رأيت عجوزاً شمطاء تجر اذيالها
جرأ مسرعة نحو الدمار . رأيتها بشعرها المبيض كأنه
قطعة من ثلوج روسيا ، وبينيها المحمرتين كأنهما
قنبلتان منفرجتان ، وبوجهها القبيح المكفهر كأنه قد
اسود من دخان المدافع وسحاب الحرائق ، ويجسهما
الهزبل الذي يولد الكراهة والاشمئزاز في النفس .
كانت تجر اذيالها مسرعة وتحت أبطها قائمة
سوداء تحوي عدداً هائلاً من ضحاياها الشباب المثقفين
والآباء والنساء والاطفال ، فجذنتي منظرها ورحمت
اتبعت خطاها حتى نزل ستار الظلام على الارض
وتقلبت جيوش الليل على جيوش النهار ، ففقدت أثر
خطاها ورحت أنبه في الغابات والوديان حتى غلبنى
سلطان النوم وغرقت في بحر مخيف من الاحلام .

وعند شروق الشمس رأيت نفسي في وادٍ من
اخصب الوديان وازهاها اذ كانت الاحلام تتراقص
على نفثات الزمان فتخرج عنها صور رائعة جذابة بدلاً
من غابات كشيفة مخيفة . وهنا في وسط هذه البحيرة
الحضراء من السهول المشوشة ، رأيت حديقة غناء
تخطر منها فتاة رائعة الجمال سحرتني حلاوتها لاول
نظرة القيتها عليها ، كانت تسعي الى جهتي بغلايتها الخضراء .

فخر الطمر

ما تنويه فلن تنال مني مرأماً ، لقد كشفت سر
وسأقاومك بما وهبني الله من القوى المادية والعقلية ،
نعم سأقاومك وسأرفع وطني عالياً لاجل ان احيا
وأموت سعيداً . قضيت الواجب نحو أمي ووطني
ولكن أين مني ذلك الرجل فاعلم اسرار المستقبل .
إذا فلاستعد لا كافح المستقبل مع خفاياه واسراره
انه لطريق موحشة ولكن سأنتكل على الله وسأجتازها
بسلام ان شاء الله .

ايها المستقبل الخفي المكتنف بالاسرار اعلم انني
آليت على نفسي ان لا احيد عن رفع منار وطني قيد
شعرة فلا تناوئني والاحل عليك سخطي فاذا ما غرك
ماضيك فاعلم ان بيني وبينك حرب مستعرة لا نتيجة
لها الا في وجهين ، تلك الامة وذلك الوطن اصبحا
فوق الجميع ، وطني اموت في احضانه وامتي ادافع عن
كيانها وايقل الناس ما بشاؤون فلست بآبه لما بقولون .
عندما يضمني اللحد بين جنابانه فلي أمل لم يدفن ولم
بضممه وان يضمه الرمس الا وهو روح الحرية في امتي
واملي بان تنال امتي وطرها من الحياة . فسلام على
امتي . وعلى امتي الف سلام

جاكوب بليني

أنا . أنا من أنا . انا ذرة في الكون الواسع مثلي
الوف يحيون ومثلهم يهلكون في كل يوم . نعم أنا
فرد واحد وسط هذا المجتمع العالمي الضخم كالنقطة
من الماء في البحر المحيط ولكن لي أمل احيا من اجله
ولي مبدأ اموت من أحله . أملي ان اعيش سعيداً ،
املي ان ابني المستقبل ، اني أعيش لأحقق أملي . مبدأي
ان يعيش بنو وطني احراراً . أني لا أقف عند حد
دون تحقيق ، مبدأي اموت ايحيا واعيش ليتحقق .

انا لست الا فتى في هذه الامة ، أنا عضو صغير
عامل على رقي ونمو جسم الامة . يجب ان اعلم ويجب
ان أجد والمستقبل امامي باسم . لم يمض من عمري
ما أيسر بعده بل اني شاب وشاب في ربعان الشباب .
اريد أن اكون هل تعلمون ما اكون . لا اريد ان
اكون وزيراً ولا زعيماً خطيراً بل اريد ان اكون
عضواً حياً في هذه الامة ، لا اريد ان اكون عبثاً تقبلاً
عليها ، اريد ان ازيح عنها تلك الاثقال التي تنوء تحتها ،
اريد ان أفي بها . انها أمي بل واحق من أبي لها حق
واحد علي ولوطني علي حقوق عظيمة يجب ان اكملها .
اين مني ذلك الرجل الذي يستطيع كشف
ما يخفيه لي المستقبل لاتحدى الزمان واقول كشفت

واهبنا تجاه الفير

ليزيد .انواع اقتصادياته وكمية موارده وغلاته . لا تناول
بقوي الغني المتعجرف المختال بملابسه الانيقة المفتخر
بانواع المأكولات اللذيذة الثمينة المشوية في بطنه .
ذلك الغني الذي يسير رافع الجبين بتهادى وهو
يتجشأ عن شعبه ، ير امام الفقير الجائع الجالس على
الحضيض بائس الرثة وبدمته المنحدرة ، لا يلتفت اليه
ولو بنظرة واحدة ربما تخفف من ألمه ، وتفرج عن
كربه ، وتقوي من عزيمته . أين القلوب . . . أين
الشعور . . . أين العاطفة . . .

أيها الاغنياء ان ثوابكم عظيم وان عذابكم
اعظم . ايها الاغنياء افتحوا ابواب احسانكم كما
فتحها الله لكم ولا تحرموا فقيراً تاعساً مما فضل الله
عليكم ، اغدقوا حسناتكم وانشلوا المعوزة الجائع
من براثن الموت والهلاك . اكسوا ذلك العربيان بما
يسر الله لكم ليكسوكم الله يوماً ثوب الفخار الخالد
في جناته الابدية . اعملوا جهدكم ، اغتنموا فرصتكم ،
ولاسيما في هذه الايام الحرجة ايام الحرب السوداء . هوذا
الفرصة سانحة لكم ايها الاغنياء . افتحوا ايديكم الرحبة
واعطوا الفقراء من فضلات اموالكم وابنوا لكم داراً
خالدة في السماء . ستانلي بهجة مارو

دفعني الانفعالات النفسية لأحبر هذه السطور
واقدمها الى كل من له قلب ينبض وعين تنظر وعواطف
نبيلة ندرك معنى الشفقة والرحمة . اندلعت نيران حرب
ضروس عالمية او كادت فاثخن العالم بجروح دامية
وجرت وراء الويل والثبور . الحرب ذلك الجزاء العام
الذي يودي الذي سكب الله عز وجل على هذه الارض
الاثيمة ليعلم الفقير فضيلة الصبر والغني عظمة الشفقة ،
ليفسح الله امام الغني مجالاً واسعاً ويعلمه مساعدة الفقير
البائس ، ويعوده على اعمال الرحمة . اجبل ليعلمه
كيف يستعمل موارد ثروته والطرق القيمة التي يجب
ان يأخذها ليوزعها على مستحقيها .

الغني هو الشخص الذي اختاره الله ليوزع
عسناته على بده ، وبكون همزة وصل بر الله والفقير
هو الينبوع الزلالي الذي يروي غلة العطش ، ويقضي
حاجة المعوز ، ويضمد جروح الانسانية المتألمة . الغني
وما ادراك ما الغني . لا اقصد بالغني ذلك الشخص
الذي كدس امواله في المصناديق الحديدية فاقامه
باعث الحرص والبخل حارساً عليها . لا اعني بالغني ،
ذلك الشخص صاحب القصور الفخمة ، ومالك الاراضي
الواسعة والعقارات المتعددة ، وهو يسكن داراً خربة

ذكرى كلية بغداد

مر عهد الصفو مسرعا وقد
وانقضت خمس كاحلام الصبا
نلك ايام نقضت فاحملي
واذكرى حملي الذي اخفيته
غادة قد طرفتني في الكرى
بسمت فانبعثت من ثفرها
نظررتني فاذا بت مهحتي
واذا بي ارشف الحب من الاء
م
خمرة كرخية ما شمشمت
فسرت بي رعشة من شأنها
قلت يا فانتني لا تعجبي
اخبريني يا حبيبتني اخبري
هل أنبت لتوافينا كلاماً
فاجيبيني سوالي يا ترى
ضاق صدري يا فتاتي فابشري
فاجيبيني لقد طال الزوى
فانثنت كالفضن من ريح الصبا
انا كلية بغداد التي
انا أم المجد قد اربعيتكم
قلت يا فانتني لا تغربي
يا رفاق العدر هوا ودعوا

خلف الذكري كمشوب اللهب
حفلاً بالانس يزهبها الطرب
بارياح الشوق آهات العجب
واعلن به عالياً فوق الشهب
تجمع الحسن بآبات الدلال
حررة زادت لدى الخد جمال
واذا العينين في قيل وقال
بين الحوراء والسحر الحلال
فهي حرف من بهاء وجلال
قد ازال ما بدت نشوى الخيال
انا هيمان بابام الوصال
اننا من حبك جد نهال
ام أنبت لتسقيننا الزلال
هل جواب الحب ليس بحلال
املاك انت ام أم الهلال
والجفا شفني يا بدر الكمال
وسرت تنشدني ذات الجمل
انا نبع العلم وبني العلم سال
كبدني الحرى واني لا ازال
نلت من مجدك فخراً لا بنال
امكم فالبين مفتول الجبال

ما تعلمت من دراستك

المتوسطة والاعدادية

و كيف أسير على سراط
مستقيم سراط الدين والفضيلة
والشرف وعمل الصالحات .
تعلمت كيف احب الله ،

واطيع والدتي وأبر بهما ، واحترم اساتذتي ، واكون
شرفاً للمدرستي ، ومثلاً حياً امام اخوتي ورفاقي .
تعلمت كيف احب ملبكي ، وادافع عن كيان
دولتي ، واحافظ على تراث آبائي واجدادني ، واكون
بطلاً وطنياً في اعداد الرجال الفذة الذين ضحوا
بحياتهم حباً بحياة مليكهم وحفظاً على اوطانهم .
تعلمت كيف اقدس علم بلادي واقدم نفسي لخدمته
وأضحني في سبيل ارتفاعه بكل ما املكه ولو بجياتي
تعلمت عمل الاحسان الى الفقير ، واغاثة الملهوف ،

تعلمت العربية والانكليزية وسائر العلوم من
اجتماعيات ورباضيات وطبيعيات وكل ما من شأنه
ان يجعلني حق التفوق على غيري والاعتماد على نفسي
واكون شهماً وطنياً مهذباً في صراع الحياة مزوداً
بجميع ما يحتاج اليه العراقي الحديث الذي نفتخر به
الامة والوطن .

حكمة عمانوئيل

الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

دخلت كلية بغداد ولم تنزل
نزعة الدروس الابتدائية آخذة
مني ، لا اعرف للدراسة معنى ،
ولا احسب للثقافة حساباً ، وان

اخذت أجد وأدرس فما ذلك كان إلا على سبيل قضاء
الواجب ودفع البلاء . ولم أزل على هذه الحالة اباماً حتى
تنور عقلي فجأةً ولاح امامي بارق الامل . فنهضت من
يقظتي وفتحت عيني ولاول مرة رأيت طرق الحياة مفتوحةً
امامي ومستقبلاً بعيد الأثر ينتظرني واملأ يتودني الى
سواء السبيل ، وارادة قوية تدفعني الى الامام . وهنا بدأت
تتغير اطوار حياتي وتتمر امامي افلام مستقبلتي فانظر
اليها باندهاش وامل باسم ، فصحوت آنثذ تماماً لامري
وعرفت ما معنى الدراسة وماشكل الثقافة في الحياة
وتخيلت امامي نتائج الجد في العمل والدؤوب عليه .

اخذت ادرس وامعن ، واقدم وأوخر ، وابدي
وانهي ، شأن الطالب الفاهم شوءون دراسته ، الوافف
على حسن سيره ومستقبله ، حتى اذا طالمت كتاباً
اخذت غيره ، وانهيته صفأً صعدت الى ارقى منه .
وهكذا رأيت نفسي اخيراً في اعداد خريجي كلية
بغداد . فسأني والدي . . . ماذا تعلمت من دراستك

المتوسطة والاعدادية فاجبته على الفور . . .

تعلمت كيف استقيم في كل طور من حياتي ،

اليوم بمراحل شاسعة .
 بعيد في تسيير الادب وانهاضه . ثم ان لغة الصحافة
 السياسية ضعيفة ملأى بالاخطاء اما الصحافة الادبية
 فقد انعدمت عندنا او كادت افليس من المؤلم
 ان لاتكون في بغداد صحيفة ادبية واحدة تنشر الشفافة
 العالية والادب الرافي او لبس من المؤلم ايضاً ان
 لاتجد صحيفة سياسية واحدة نشذ عن رفاقاتها من
 امهات الصحف وتكتب في السياسة وهي تفكر
 لتتجاشى تلك الاغلاط الفظيعة والضمف
 اللغوي المؤلم .

ومن احد الاسباب كذلك تأخر الطباعة
 عندنا ذلك الفن الذي قطع اشواطاً بعيدة من الرقي
 والتقدم في البلاد الاخرى وقد نتج عن تأخر الصحافة
 تأخر النقد الادبي الذي هو روح الادب اذ ان
 الرجل القوي ابس الذي يمش عن مرمى السهام
 بل هو الجريح الذي يتاقى بجسده النصال . كذلك
 الادب يجب ان يصيبه من السهام ما يدميه اذ ذلك
 يشعر بانه حي لان الكاتب الحي هو الوحيد الذي
 ينهش لحمه لان الجيف لا نطمن ولا تنمش . فيقوم
 عند ذلك ليكمل فنه على احسن صورة واتقن وجه .
 فان اردنا للعراق ادباً يتخلد ويميش ونقدأ
 يخدم . يفيد فيجدو بنا ان ننظر الى الادب كاحد

لقد كنت اعتقد ان عيدنا هو الكسل وان
 قراءنا بصورة عامة ذوو مزاج رخو ونشاط فاقو فلا
 ادباؤنا ينتجون انتاجاً فنياً رائعاً ولا قراؤنا بصورة
 عامة يعبرونهم تشجيعاً او اهتماماً على ان اكثر اللوم
 يجب ان ينصب على الكتاب والصحفيين انفسهم
 فالعيب ليس في القراء بدليل ان الكتب التي تأتي
 من البلاد العربية الاخرى او من البلاد الغربية تجد لها
 سوقاً رائعة بينهم .

وبعد فلم يكتب ادبنا ، ولو كتب ، نراه
 منهمكاً في كتابة تعبير عن مبارزة وقعت في الجاهلية
 او مغامرة وقعت في شوارع لندن ، كأن كل
 مشاكلنا قد حلت وانتهت و كل المواضيع التي نحتاج
 اليها قد عولجت ، فانصرف كاتبنا عن الموضوعات
 المهمة الى مثل ذلك الترف الفكري وهجر الضروري
 الى الكمال .

ومن اهم اسباب هذا الركود كذلك هي
 الطريقة البالية لتدريس الادب في المدارس فهي تعاكس
 لنهضة الأدب الحديثة .

وكذلك الصحافة سبب في فتور الأدب
 العراقي لانها لو قامت بواجبها كاملاً لكان لها اثر

الحركة الادبية في العراق واسباب فتورها

والفقهاء الذين لم يعرف متلهم ادب من الآداب بسقطون جميعاً في ذلك الممترك ولم يكن الا كطرفه عين حتى تلاشت المدينة وما فيها كما يتلاشى الدخان في عاصفة الريح فدالت دولة الادب العربي وأصبح حائراً طريداً بفتش له عن مأوى فلم يجد غير مصر موئلاً بلوذه وبلتجي اليه . فاجأ واستقر ولم يزل مستقراً على قلق واضطراب في وناء وفتور حتى غام في عينه افق الحياة وكاد يكون نسياً منسياً . مرت تلك الفترة المظلمة واشرقت شمس النهضة الحديثة ولم تنزل علانته مستحكمة حتى الى اباننا هذه .

هذا تاريخ ذلك الفتور الادبي اما الاديب العربي اليوم فلزام عليه ان تكون ثقافته واسعة جداً وليست محصورة في دائرة اختصاص ضيق . وحتم على الاديب اليوم ان يكون اسلوبه عربياً ولغته متينة بعد أن فسدت لغتنا من كثرة ما اختلط بها او كادت تضع بين الاعيب البديع والبيان . وكذلك عليه ان يكون ملماً أحسن الامام بالآداب العربية القديمة كالملمة بالثقافة الحديثة والآداب الغربية التي تسبقنا

من المسؤول عن فتور الحركة الادبية الملحوظ في العراق . ان علة هذا الفتور هم الادباء انفسهم انهم يكتبون وكأنهم ناعسون ان افلامهم لا تثير في جو الفكر حراكاً .
اننا نطلب الى ادبائنا ان يحدثونا عن كل حاجة من خداجات نفوسهم وكل دقيقة من دقائق حياتهم وكل لمحة من لمحات ابصارهم وكل ناحية من نواحي احساسهم . فالاديب هو الشخص الوحيد الذي خلق لكي يكشف لنا عن اسرار نفسه لئلا يرى من خلالها النفس البشرية قاطبة . ولو اردنا ان نستأصل اسرار اسباب هذا التأخر في ادبنا لوجدناها ترجع الى اسباب عديدة . متشابهة تمتد جذورها الى ابان ضعف الدولة العباسية . وقد زالت في العراق بسقوط بغداد على يد هولاء كواثر الادب وبقاياها اذ هدم أو تلك التبر الاميون معالم مجدها وآثار حضارتها فمن تخريب قصور وفتور مدارس وتخريب دوراً للكتب وتغريق كتب الى تقطيع علماء وتغريب اعناق . فاذا بنا نجد تلك المياني الشائخة والكتب المنظمة والادباء والعلماء

مدرستنا

لأمٍ من مناهلها روينا
 ونعطره بنثر الباسمينا
 ألا يا أم هبي ودعيننا
 وها في الناس نحن الاولينا
 واصبح في عداد البارزينا
 وخلفنا بدمع غارقينا
 نبيت في المقابر ساكنينا
 وننشر ذكرك في العالمينا
 يحدد في تراث الاقدمينا
 بحسن الخلق نبراساً حصينا
 لسيف الحق دوماً مصلتينا
 نجوماً في المعارف ساطعينا
 يهاب ويخشى بطش العادلينا
 يذير السهل طوراً والحزونا
 قويم لا نخاف الجاهلينا
 شبابا في الثقافة كاملينا
 لابناء العراق المخلصينا

الاقوموا نحياً شاكرينا
 ونذكر اسمها في كل عصر
 لقد حان الوداع فلهف نفسي
 فقد زودتنا من كل فن
 شباب للمعالي قد نسامى
 قذى في عين دهرٍ قد رمانا
 ألا يا أم لانفساك حتى
 منذ كر عهدك الواضح دوماً
 لقد اعددت منا كل فردٍ
 فينشئ كل مآثرةٍ ويسمو
 الا يا معهداً انشأت رهطاً
 شباب ابننا حلوا تراهم
 ليينوا العدل حتى الجور منهم
 فهم في الكون مصباح مضي
 سنصبح كنا ارباب علم
 بفضل المعهد العالي غدونا
 فياخير المدارس دمت ذخراً

محمد عجيل الباور

الطالب في الصف الرابع الاعدادي

جبر « الرحالة المشهور فوصفها بقوله :

« وعن يمين الحارج من باب جيرون في حدار البلاط الذي امامه غرفة ولها هيئة طاق كبير مستدير فيه طبقان صفر قد فتحت ابواباً صفاراً على عدد ساعات النهار ودبرت تدبيراً هندسياً فعند انقضاء ساعة من النهار تسقط صنجتان من صفر من فم بازين مصورين من صفر تحت كل واحد منهما احدهما تحت اول باب من تلك الابواب والثاني تحت آخرها والطامتان مشقوبتان فعند وقوع البندقتين فيهما تعودان داخل الجدار الى الغرفة . وتبصر البازين بمدان اعناقهما بالبندقتين في الطامتين ويقذفانها بسرعة وتدبير عجيب تخيله الا وهام سحراً ، وعند وقوع البندقتين في الطامتين يسمع لها دوي وينفلق باب تلك الساعة للعين بلوح من الصفر ، ولا يزال كذلك عند كل انقضاء ساعة من النهار حتى تفلق الابواب كلها وتنفضي الساعات ثم تعود الى حالها الاول » .

هذا مختصر تاريخ الساعات العربية واسماء مهندسيها

في بعض الاقطار العربية .

خالد عيسى طه

الطاب في الصف الثاني المتوسط

ينفتح فم البازين وتقع منها البندقتان وكلما سقطت بندقة انفتح باب من ابواب تلك اللطافات والباب مذمب فيصير حينئذ مفضضا واذا وقعت البندقتان في الطامتين تذهبان الى موضعهما . ثم تطلع اقمار من ذهب في سماء لازوردية في ذلك الفلك مع طلوع الشمس الحقيقية وتدور مع دورانها وتغيب مع غيوبها . فاذا جاء الليل فهناك اقمار طالعة من ضوء خلفها كلما تكاملت ساعة تكامل ذلك الضوء في دائرة القمر ثم يبتدىء في الدائرة الاخرى الى انقضاء الليل وطلوع الشمس فعملم بذلك اوقات الصلوة .

ساعة المدرسة القميرية في دمشق

نسبة لمنشئها الامير سيف الدين علي بن يوسف القميري . وله في دمشق اعمال خيرية فقد بنى فيها مارستاناً عظيماً ومسجداً ومدرسة تسمى القميرية الكبرى ، وتعرف الآن بمدرسة القطاط . وكان على باب هذه المدرسة ساعة مهمة بلغت مصاريفها كما يقول « العلموي » اكثر من اربعين الف درهم وهذه الساعة وان لم نطلع على وضعها فاننا نستفيد من المقدار المصروف عليها .

ساعة باب جامع دمشق الشرقي

يعرف هذا الباب بباب جيرون وقد شاهدها « ابن

صنعة زنتها مئة درهم تتحرك لتزولها اجراس نسمع
على بعد .

ساعة الملك الكامل

ذكرها القليوبي في نوادره فقال ان السلطان
الكامل كان عنده شمدان فيه ابواب فكلمها مضت
ساعة يخرج من باب منها شخص يقف في خدمة
السلطان الى مضي ساعة وهكذا الى تمام الابواب
انتهى عشرة ساعة فاذا تم الليل خرج شخص فوق
الشمدان يقول اصبح السلطان فيعلم ان الفجر قد طلع
فيتأهب للصلاة . وهذه الساعة مصرية لان اقامة
الملك الكامل كانت بمصر .

ساعة المدرسة المستنصرية ببغداد

جاء ذكر هذه الساعة في مجلة الزهراء للسنة الثالثة
من عدد ٢٥٤-م وفي سنة ٢٣٣هـ تكامل بناء الايوان
الذي انشئ مقابل (المدرسة المستنصرية) وعمل تحته
صفة يجلس فيها الطبيب - وعنده جماعته الذين يشتغلون
عليه بعلم الطب ويقصده المرضى فيداويهم . وبني في
حائط هذه الصفة دائرة صورت فيها صورة الفلك
وجعلت فيها طاقات لطاف لها ابواب جميلة وفي لدائرة
بازان من ذهب في طاسين من ذهب ووراءهما بندقتان
من شبه لا يدركهما الناظر فعند مضي كل ساعة

أهل زمانه وهو الذي صنع الساعات التي عند باب
الجامع الاموي بدمشق . « ثم ابو عبدالله بن القيسراني
ثم محمد بن عبد الكريم الحارثي » . ثم « علي بن تغلب
الساعاتي » .

ساعة هرون الرشيد

ذكر فولتير وغيره من المؤرخين الفرنسيين ان
أول ساعة عرفت في اوربا هي الساعة التي اهداها امير
المؤمنين هرون الرشيد الى شارلمان ملك فرنسا سنة
٨٠٧ هجرية وكانت بدءاً في ذلك العصر حتى انتهت
اورثت رجال الديوان حيرة وذهولاً ، كان لها اثنا
عشر باباً صغيراً بعدد الساعات فكلمها مضت ساعة فتتح
باب وخرجت منه كرات من نحاس صغيرة تقع على
جرس فيطن بعدد الساعات وتبقى الابواب مفتوحة
وحينئذ تخرج صور اثني عشر فارساً على خيل تدور
على صفحة الساعة . ولم تقف لهذه الساعة على ذكر
فيما اطلعنا عليه من الكتب العربية .

ساعة مسجد مراکش

ذكرها القلقشندي في صبح الاعشى فقال :
« دبر اكش جامع فخيم يعرف بالكئين طوله مئة
وعشرة اذرع وعلى بابه ساعات مرتفعة في الهواء
خمس ذراعاً كان يرمى فيها عند انقضاء كل ساعة

الساعات العربية

ويجعل امامها جسم
شفاف وقاية لها من
الريح .

لما شعر الاقدمون بمحاجتهم
الماسة الى معرفة الاوقات
اهتدوا بعد التأمل والتفكير

اما العرب فقد تفننوا في صنع الساعات مستندين
الى فن الهندسة واخترعوا لها آلات عجيبة اصبحت
فيما بعد أساساً للساعات التي نراها اليوم . وقد شاع
استعمال الساعات في البلاد العربية منذ القرن السادس
للهجرة وبقي حتى الثامن فكان في مراكش وتلمسان
والاندلس ومصر وبغداد ودمشق عدة ساعات تنصب
في الاماكن العامة لمعرفة الاوقات .

مهندسو الساعات —

اشتهر في تلك العصور كثير من المهندسين
العرب الذين تخصصوا في صنع الساعات و كانوا
يديرون آلاتها بواسطة الماء الى ان جاء «ابن الشاطر»
المهندس الدمشقي فسعى في ترفيتها وتوصل لجلها صغيرة
الحجم بالنسبة الى غيرها من الساعات واصبحت تعلق
على الجدران ولا تحتاج آلاتها الى الماء ، فكانت اقرب
ما تكون الى الساعات المستعملة اليوم . واليك
اسماء اشهر من اشتغل في صنع الساعات « محمد رستم
الساعاتي » أصله من خراسان قدم دمشق و كان اوحد

الى اختراع الساعة الرملية ، وهي ساعة بسيطة التركيب
تتركب من فارورنين قد انصقت فوهة احدهما
بنوهة الاخرى بواسطة الشمع وملئت الفوهة العليا
رملًا ، فينزل الرمل بالتدرج الى السفلى من ممر بينهما
صنع بنسبة مقدره ، وتقلب الساعة عندما تفرغ العليا
من الرمل وهكذا . فاذا ارادوا معرفة الوقت نظروا
الى مقدار الرمل الباقي في العليا او الى مقدار ما ينزل
منه في السفلى . وبقيت هذه الساعة شائعة الاستعمال
عند بعض قروي دمشق حتى قبيل الحرب العامة وقد
ادر كنا احد الشيوخ المسنين يصنعها ويبيعها في حانوت
له خارج باب الغربي في سوق المسكية بدمشق .

أما الساعة المائية التي شاعت عند السككندان
والهندود فهي كالساعة الرملية بابدال الرمل بالماء ،
و كانت اقل دقة منها لان اختلاف الجو برداً وقيظاً
كان ينقص مقدار الماء . وكان الفريد الكبير عاهل
الانكلايز يأمر باتخاذ شمع طوال الواحدة منه اثنتا عشرة
اصبغاً مقسمة بعلامات خاصة الى اربعة وعشرين قسماً
عدد ساعات الليل والنهار و كانت توفد ليلاً ونهاراً

وجمالها . ويرفع نظره الى السماء فيراها سوداء ملبدة
 فيصرخ وبتألم أذ أن ناظر به لم يقعا قبلاً الا على زرقة
 السماء وصفائها . ويتذكر بعد قليل امه او اخته فيناديها
 ولكن ليس هناك من يجيب سوى حشرات بعض
 الجرحى حوالبه وهم بلفظون انفسهم الاخيرة بنادي
 شريكه حياته التي تم كرها تبكي لوحدها بين الحقول
 وقد وعدا ان يرجع اليها سريعاً فيؤلمه هذه المرة
 الا يستطيع الوفاء بوعده وهو لم يخلف لها وعداً قط .
 واخيراً يتغلب الشاب على عواطفه ويعمل نفسه بانه
 يموت في سبيل وطنه وارضاء زعيمه الذي زار قبرته
 في احد الايام يجيهم ويحادثهم ويوزع عليهم الابتسامات
 المصطنعة ومن ورائه اتباعه يحثون الناس على التصفيق
 له والتهنئ بجباته . نعم انه سوف يموت في سبيل الوطن
 الذي يمثله هذا الزعيم المغرور

صبيح رزوق غنام

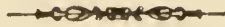
الطالب في الصف الخامس الاعدادي

ارجاء الميدان وبجانها عشرات الالوف من جثث بني
 الانسان الذين اصابتهم نيران امثال هذه الآلات
 الفتاكة فالقتهم صرعى حيث لا قومة لهم بعد ذلك .
 وهناك بين هذه الجثث شاب ملقى على الارض مصاب
 باحدى الشظايا ولكن لا تزال فيه بقية من حياة ،
 هذا الشاب لم يلق في هذه المجزرة الا منذ ايام قلائل
 اذ كان يرتع في مسقط رأسه بين أهله واصحابه كان
 يقضي وقته معاونا اياه في ادارة مزرعتهم ، لا يخطر
 بباله غير السعادة والحياة فاذا برسول الموت يلاحقه
 فينقله من بين احضان مزرعته ويلقيه في ذلك الآتون
 البشري الملتب فيزداد هذا الآتون توهجاً والتهاباً
 ويفتح فاه طالباً المزيد فلا يتردد الزعماء في اجابة
 طلبه .

ظل هذا الشاب المسكين يتلوي من ألمه وهو

محاط بالدماء من جميع الجهات فيقشعر جسمه لمنظر

هذه الدماء اذ ان عينيه لم تقعا الا على خضرة الحقول



في ضوء القمر

كانت يوم لم يكن قد ادرك الانسان بعد رسالته في الحياة . اما الآن وقد فتحت اعيننا وثقفت عقولنا وسمت ارواحنا فاعلينا الا ان نفهم وتعاون بعضنا البعض لنجعل من حياتنا هذه جنة بدلاً من جهنم التي يخلقها لنا هؤلاء الرجال المربضو العقل .

هدأت الحركة ولم يبق من آثارها سوى ذلك الدخان الذي يتصاعد الى السماء ويحجب الضياء اللغضي المنبعث من القمر الذي هو رمز السلام والسعادة والحب تلك المثل العليا التي هي الدعامة الاساسية في هذه الحياة والتي لولاها لا نقلب البشر الى شياطين يحملون بايديهم المشاعل التي يحرق ويعذب بها بعضهم بعضاً . الحب الذي بطبع العائلة البشرية بطابع السعادة والهناء بهذا نرى ان عمل رجال الحرب الاول هو ازالة الحب من قلوب الناس وعند ذلك يسلمونهم المعاول والمشاعل ليحرقوا ويهدموا .

طلعت الشمس صباحاً على الميئات من الدبابات المحطمة والطائرات المحترقة والمدافع المدمرة ملتفة في

برز القمر يتهدى في السماء تحييط به هالات من الدخان الاسود القاتم يتصاعد من ميدان واسع على الارض . كان ذلك اليوم مسرحاً لصراع مخلوقات ناطقة اطلقت على نفسها اسم الجنس البشري وهي تحت ستار هذا الاسم النبيل تقوم باعمال قل ان تقوم بها الوحوش المضارية . كانت هذه الطغمة البشرية تتقاتل نهارها كله في سبيل مبادئ يريد زعمائها ان تسود بها العالم وتمريد الاخرى ان تحطمها وتنقذ العالم منها فلم يكن ينظرهم ثمّة للتحكيم طريق سوى الحرب الطريقة التقليدية المعروفة بفض النزاع الطريقة التي استعملها هولاء كواضرا به قبل سبعة قرون ليسودوا والتي يستعملها بعض زعماء القرن العشرين ليسودوا ايضاً .

أني لاعجب لهؤلاء الرجال الذين يريدون السيطرة والسيادة ألم تهذب المدينة والخبرة والسنون عقولهم وارواحهم ألم يدركوا بعد ان فكرة السيادة والسيطرة قد اندثرت اندثار العصور القديمة وانها

مواضيع العدد

- ١ - في ضوء القمر صبيح رزوق غنام
- ٢ - الساعات العربية خالد عيسى طه
- ٣ - مدرستنا محمد عجيل الباور
- ٤ - الحركة الادبية في العراق واسباب فتورها نوفيق الصابونجي
- ٥ - ما تعلمت من دراستك المتوسطة والاعدادية حكمة عمانوئيل
- ٦ - ذكرى كلية بغداد برنارد اسكندر عيسى
- ٧ - واجباننا تجاه الغير ستانلي بهجة مارو
- ٨ - خواطرها جا كوب بليبي
- ٩ - على ابواب فجر السلام البير موسى
- ١٠ - يوم نصرنا نذير امين فيردار
- ١١ - الرياضة الدينية جورج بوسف ميزي
- ١٢ - جدول اسماء الطلاب

العراقي

النشرة السنوية الكلية بغداد

١٩٤٤

بصدرها المصنف الخامس المنتهي من

كلية بغداد - الصليبخ العراقي

حكمة عمانوئيل

جوزيف رشيد

رئيس التحرير

مدير الادارة

